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The Week

SERIOUS problems have been raised by Obregon's request, to which our government has acceded, that he be permitted to buy American ammunition, rifles and light artillery for use in putting down the de la Huerta rebellion. Such a sale, to a recognized government, is of course entirely legal; and undoubtedly the sober judgment of most informed Americans is that a continuance of the Obregon régime is greatly preferable to a successful revolution, from Mexico's point of view quite as much as our own. The action is probably not even as unneutral as it seems; for de la Huerta, with control of the eastern seaboard, is in a better position, despite the American embargo, to smuggle arms than is the Mexican government. At the same time, it would be folly to deny that the action of Messrs. Hughes and Coolidge in acting favorably on Obregon's request may have gravely serious consequences for the United States. Despite the announcement that it "does not constitute interference with Mexico's internal affairs," everyone with any common sense knows that it will be so regarded throughout Latin-America. To the South and Central American republics it will seem to confirm the theory they have long held, that our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine is a species of dollar diplomacy which differs in no perceptible degree from the imperialism of the great European powers; that we aid a government which has only recently, and after long negotiations, yielded to our wishes as to the status of investments by our capitalists which are under its jurisdiction.

MOREOVER, it is impossible to overlook the possibility that by some miracle the rebels may succeed in overthrowing Obregon; and if they should, the situation between the two countries would be one involving a serious threat of war. Our government, of course, believes it is backing the winner, whose victory is made certain by this action. But all Mexicans, no matter on which side their sympathies are momentarily engaged, unite in disliking and distrusting the United States. The news that Obregon has been forced to appeal to the gringoes for aid, and that American guns will be used to shoot Mexican soldiers, will be worth an army corps to de la Huerta. Our action is taken, Washington despatches explain, under the new version of the Monroe Doctrine which frowns on the use of force by revolutionists in any of the Latin-American republics. Mr. Hughes intends to bring all possible pressure to bear to insure the substitution of ballots for bullets among our southern neighbors. If this is so, it is unfortunate to say the least that the first manifestation of the new policy should be a transaction conducted strictly in terms of instruments of war.

WHILE the general expectation in Great Britain is still that a new election is sure to take place before long, numerous voices are being raised in opposition to such procedure. Among the liberals, in particular, it is pointed out that the tri-party division of the House, without a majority for any group, accurately represents the state of opinion in the country, and therefore deserves to be maintained. If Parliament cannot function under such an arrangement, it is urged that its conventions should be altered, rather than that the inconvenience of another election, or perhaps a series of them, should be suffered in the endeavor to build up what would certainly be a fictitious majority. The specific proposal is that the new government

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should refuse to resign when defeated on any casual ballot, and should ask the dissolution of Parliament only after losing on a formal vote of no confidence. There is, in fact, a strong body of opinion which maintains that a Cabinet controlling only a minority in the House has not the right—which in the case of a majority government is unquestioned—to demand the dissolution of Parliament whenever defeated. While this argument is couched in general terms, it expresses the particular determination of the Liberals that Labor, if it takes the helm, shall not relinquish it in a hurry. The Asquith party believes that its own chances will be strengthened if Labor is forced to stay in control long enough for the country to find out just what such leadership amount to.

THIS attitude among the Liberals is courageous; since the policy they suggest might easily sound their own death knell. Never were the characteristics of the three major political groups more clearly exhibited than in the respective attitudes of the parties toward the present situation. The Conservatives are for anything to keep Labor out of power. Labor, on the other hand, has a greater animus against Liberal than Tory, regarding the latter as an out-and-out, and therefore desirable, enemy against whom the issues may be clearly drawn. The Liberals, in the middle of the road, are in their customary excellent situation to get bricks from both sides. If they give Labor the support necessary to permit Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues to function effectively, the latter can propose some such extreme measure as the capital levy, and go to the country on the issue in such a way that its opponents in the Liberal ranks will be driven into the Tory camp, while their party will suffer heavy losses also because of "complicity" in the previous actions of the Labor government. The embarrassment is deepened for Mr. Asquith by the fact that the foreign policy of the Labor party is identical with that of the Liberals, both as to strong disapproval of the actions of the French and as to the desire for a rapprochement with Russia.

AMONG the serious problems of the impending Labor government is the question of relations with the other members of the British "Commonwealth of Nations"—as we are now asked to call it. Mr. Baldwin not only went to the country on the issue of protection, but in the Imperial Conference which preceded it he arranged an important series of preferential rates on several Dominion products. The country gave its mandate so strongly in favor of free trade that the work of the Imperial Conference, it is taken for granted, is all swept away. The effect of this on the people of Canada and Australia is not the least interesting of the speculations engendered by the imminence of the Labor government.

TO how slight an extent the Entente remains a reality in Europe is well illustrated by the present attitude of Italy toward France. The Mussolini government has served formal notice that it will not countenance the permanent occupation of the Ruhr. It has concluded an agreement with the Rivera government in Spain which has as a major purpose a check to French aspirations in the Mediterranean basin. Especially does it menace her communication with those African colonies where exists the man power on which her whole military scheme is predicated. Rome is also running a race with Paris for the favor of the Moscow government, a race in which Italy will probably be the victor. Finally, Mussolini and his followers have been aroused to a pitch of bitter resentment over the new treaty just negotiated by MM. Beneš and Poincaré. Rome believes that the Little Entente should have been formed under Italian, not French auspices—in the heat of its disappointment quite overlooking the quarrel with Jugoslavia which would have presented a grave obstacle to any such procedure. If the Italians are candid they must admit that the French have beaten them. France is mistress of the continent today.

AS the financial writers say, France enjoyed great private prosperity in the year 1923. Employment has been general, the movement of trade has been brisk, profits have been high, exports have shown up well against imports. This all seems very fine until we look below the surface. There we find civil service officials unable to make ends meet because of the rising prices, large groups of workers sinking to a lower level of consumption, pensioners half starving, thrifty little bondholders by the hundred thousand racking themselves into nervous collapse over the shrinkage of their purchasing power. "Prosperity" on the one side and misery on the other have a common origin, the decline of the franc from something over seven cents a year ago to a little over five cents today. Such a decline means a thirty percent cut in salaries, wages, taxes, and interest on borrowed money. That is immensely to the advantage of the industrialists, for the time, at least. Naturally they find themselves prosperous. If the franc had gone the other way and were now at ten cents the industrialists would have been ruined, while the little voiceless people would have been living in comfort—except in so far as employment failed them.

WE do not maintain that inflationist prosperity such as France has experienced is a pure illusion. The losses of the recipients of inelastic incomes are probably overbalanced by the gains of those whose incomes are elastic. The national production, in material goods, is probably increased. But the trouble is that such prosperity cannot last. In order to make 1924 as prosperous as 1923 the

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French government would have to manage to get the franc down to three cents or less. Inflation works like a habit-forming drug. The dosage has to be increased continually, up to the final collapse. We cannot have forgotten completely what happened in Germany immediately after the war. Thanks to the decline of the mark, Germany was "prosperous." Employment was general, profits large, exports promising. England, with her appreciating sterling, suffered just the opposite effects. There was plenty of murmuring about the evil effects of deflation. But in the end England kept her balance while Germany went mad. France has the two examples before her eyes. It is perhaps still in her power to choose.

A SHREWD test of President Coolidge's sincerity in recommending American adhesion to the World Court will be furnished by his attitude towards Senator Lenroot's resolution which ostensibly proposes to bring about that adhesion. Professor Manley O. Hudson in a letter to the New York Times has exposed the fatal defects of the method of joining proposed by Senator Lenroot and his objections are reiterated in a vigorous letter which the appropriate committee of the League of Women Voters has dispatched to the President. A reorganization of the Court such as the resolution contemplates would involve an appalling delay and would alter the constitution of the Court in an undesirable and an undemocratic direction. The resolution excludes all the smaller powers such as Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia or Spain from the membership in Group A which takes the place of the Council of the League of Nations in the election of judges. Where there is a disagreement between these two bodies in the selection of judges, it throws the election into the hands of a group of six, of which three come from Group A and three from Group B, which automatically gives disproportionate powers to Group A which is the small collection of the larger powers.

THERE is, however, as the critics of the resolutions have also pointed out, an even more serious objection in its total elimination of the optional clause for compulsory jurisdiction. The change deprives the Court of any chance of making its decisions effective. Few people seem to understand that the present Court does not obtain any jurisdiction over international disputes unless the clause is accepted, excepting in cases where all the parties to a specific dispute have invited the Court to act. On the other hand the optional clause for compulsory jurisdiction permits a nation to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court with respect to any other nation or with respect to all nations which have themselves accepted the option. If the United States rejects the modest and unobjectionable step towards compulsory jurisdiction which the optional clause takes, its act will discourage and retard the movement towards the substitution of law for war as the mediator among nations. The Lenroot resolution will not do. It will be better not to adhere to the Court at all rather than to adhere only to such injurious and reactionary conditions. The original Harding resolution with the Hughes reservation remains the only acceptable road submitted to the Senate for the entrance of the United States into the World Court.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN, late commander of the American troops on the Rhine and now chairman of the American Committee for Relief of German Children, issued an appeal last week which told in succinct form the story of an impending tragedy:

> Children are dying from want of food in Germany this winter. Thousands of them may not live to see another Christmas unless America goes to their aid. Hundreds of thousands are being stunted in body and mind and are prey to the ravages of rickets and tuberculosis because they do not have enough to eat and have not had, many of them, since they were born.
>
> Our President, Calvin Coolidge, is fully aware of the horrible plight of the children of our former foes. He has expressed his desire to encourage to the utmost private charity for the relief of children in Germany.
>
> Secretary Hoover recently published a report stating that twenty million workers in Germany are suffering acute privation as a result of lack of food and that the situation is one of rapid degeneration. . . .
>
> Immediate action is necessary if these lives are to be saved and the peril that threatens Western civilization averted. We must not let children starve while Germany's economic and political problems are being adjusted. . . .

Comment on such a statement is superfluous. Independent testimony from a hundred sources amply proves that the situation is quite as grave as it is described. We can only add that "he gives twice who gives quickly," and that contributions may be sent care of The New Republic, or direct to the committee at 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

FRIENDS of freedom of speech in America have wasted little time in mere jubilation over the victory they achieved on December 15, when President Coolidge pardoned thirty-one political prisoners of the federal government. Already, a campaign is under way to secure the release of one hundred and fourteen men who are now in jail in seven states for violation of state laws by holding beliefs and expressing opinions. None of these men is charged with any criminal act. California heads the roll of dishonor, with ninety- seven prisoners, and thirty-five men now awaiting trial. Washington comes next with five, Idaho with four, Pennsylvania with four, Oklahoma with two and Kansas and Illinois with one each. Practically all these men

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are American citizens, and many of them were tried and convicted under circumstances which constitute a gross violation of the fundamental American principle of justice. Particularly flagrant was the case of forty-eight members of the Industrial Workers of the World who were held eighteen months awaiting trial in California. A group of these men, mistakenly no doubt but sincerely, refused to permit any defence to be made on their behalf, and were tried and convicted in a body, without consideration of their individual cases. In California, as in several other states, membership in the Industrial Workers of the World is in itself a penal offence which can be, and is, punished by a long term in prison—a barbarism on which the people of that state will some day look back as a disgraceful blot on their history.

THAT the fight for these victims will be long and bitter is indicated by the replies of several governors to an appeal for Christmas amnesty sent to the executives of the seven states in question by a committee of liberals which included Jane Addams, of Chicago, Jeannette Rankin, of Montana, Father John A. Ryan, of Washington, Norman Hapgood, the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Frank P. Walsh and Professor Harry F. Ward of New York City. Governor Charles C. Moore, of Idaho, denies that the men in his state are entitled to any special status. "Idaho prisoners referred to in your message are not war prisoners," he declares. "They are convicted for violation of the state law still in force, and are subject to same regulations and entitled to same treatment as other prisoners and have done nothing to earn parole or merit pardon." Governor Louis F. Hart, of Washington, asserts that the prisoners in his state "could have had their freedom at any of the last three quarterly meetings of the parole board, but refused to accept it until certain prisoners sentenced to the penitentiary for murder were released, preferring to play the rôle of martyrs." Friend W. Richardson, Governor of California, states in a telegram to the American Civil Liberties Union that "every application for clemency is given careful and kindly consideration," and that "none of the prisoners themselves have filed application." Since these prisoners believe, and quite correctly, that they were sentenced unjustly under a law yhich is a violation of the fundamental rights of American citizens, it seems somewhat naïve of Governor Richardson to expect them to beg abjectly for their physical freedom while other men continue to be tried and convicted under the same outrageous statute. The struggle to secure the restoration of Americanism in California will no doubt be long and hard; but in the end it will win. California caught the war hysteria last of all, as it traveled across the country. It is perhaps natural that it should continue there long after it has died out everywhere else, but even on the Pacific Coast it can't continue forever.

NEWS despatch from Manila:

> Thirty-one Moros were killed in a fight with sixty soldiers of the Philippine constabulary at Malandu, Island of Mindanao. . . . The Moros were accused of cutting telephone wire. . . . The Moros were unarmed except for spears and bolos. . . . There were no casualties among members of the constabulary.

Amritsar papers please copy.

THE NEW REPUBLIC records with sorrow the death of one of its valued contributors, whose distinguished career in American journalism has been cut short at the moment when, with his powers at their flood, he should have looked forward to many additional years of useful and honorable service. Arthur Gleason, who is dead at 45, was a newspaperman and author whose able pen had been devoted with conspicuous success to the useful task of explaining the strange new industrial world in which we find ourselves. His studies of British labor were the first which called the attention of America to the importance of the British Labor Party; and his prophecies, made years ago, of its rise to political power are now being fulfilled with almost uncanny exactness. His service in the war, for which he was decorated by the British and Belgian governments, is well known. His testimony as to what he had witnessed of the Germans' conduct while a prisoner in their hands powerfully influenced American opinion in the early days of the war; while he did not hesitate subsequently to protest when the Allied "atrocity campaign" exceeded the boundaries of fact. His books, brilliantly written as they are, do not to his friends seem an adequate expression of the high literary gifts he possessed, which, had he lived, would almost inevitably have won for him an important position among the creative writers of his own generation.

THE amazing development of radio broadcasting seems likely to have at least one unexpected but desirable result: it is giving huge impetus to the movement for an international language, which has so long languished in the hands of a few amiable fanatics. The progress of the past few months indicates that we are not far from achieving world-wide broadcasting from a single station; and already, any moderately powerful transmitting apparatus in Europe is heard by persons speaking half a dozen tongues. Hence the demand that radio speeches should be delivered in a language which shall be common to all users of radio apparatus. Whether this shall be Esperanto, Ido, Volapük, modified English or something else, remains to be seen. The important fact is that mechanical progress, as usual, is having an effect on social relations more far-reaching and rapid than all the efforts of well-meaning reformers.

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The Parsons' Battle

DEEP contention is again troubling the waters of Protestant Christianity in America, and notoriously the storm engages the vivid interest of all kinds of people in all parts of the country. The newspapers are supplying the contending churchmen with a whole land for an arena and with a whole people for an audience. What is the controversy about? Is it as unseemly and un-Christian as Bishop Manning implied when he asked for a Christmas truce? Should lay Christians with the interests of organized Christianity at heart do their best to hush it up? Or should they appraise it, not as an indication of the decadence and probable disintegration of Protestant Christianity in America, but of its increasing vitality?

There are many possible avenues to the centre of this controversy, but the avenue to which the foregoing questions point looks to us most promising. We have not asked, be it observed, whether or not the modernists are justified in seeking to exclude from the creeds affirmations of doubtful scientific authenticity. That question is already answered. It is just as absurd for the fundamentalists to reject the evolutionary hypothesis on the grounds which they do as it was for the Catholic prelates to insist that the earth was flat. In that respect the modernists are wholly right and their opponents wholly wrong. But the controversy between them invites other and more doubtful questions. If the modernists are right and the creeds need to be revised and reinterpreted in the light of modern science, what effect will the revision have upon the cohesion and the future of the Protestant denominations? These creeds have in the past supplied the keystones for the arches which carried the superstructure of denominational Christianity. What will happen to the Protestant churches if common conviction becomes so unimportant that their members may or may not believe in the Virgin birth or the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures or the divinity of Christ? In short, what are the binding motives of the members of a Protestant Christian church? What is the proper test of their fidelity? Under what provocation should they secede or insist on the secession of others? What part should joint conviction play in the spiritual fellowship of a Protestant denomination?

During the centuries when all Christians were supposed to belong to one supreme and indivisible church, joint conviction constituted the chief binder of organized Christianity. The doubter of any article of the creed and its authorized ecclesiastical interpretation was ipso facto beyond the pale. He was the most dangerous enemy of the Christian community, and the church punished him not merely by imprisonment and death in this world but by the denial of salvation in the next. After the Reformation Protestants continued for several centuries to attach enormous importance to community of conviction. They gradually abandoned the attempt to reach common convictions by the exercise of compulsion, but the unity of belief within the churches which they could not obtain by compulsion, they obtained by precisely the opposite course—viz., complete and in practice irresponsible freedom in forming new Christian communions. The multiplication of dissenting sects during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries became by a significant paradox both the weakness and the strength of Protestantism. In forming new dissenting groups, Protestants demonstrated the vitality of their religious convictions, but at the same time they condemned this conscious ingredient in their faith to an essentially trivial and controversial expression.

Recently the Protestant leaders have naturally sought to check and even to reverse this tendency in Protestant Christian behavior; and they have on the whole succeeded. Of course new and formidable sects like the Christian Scientists have been born and flourished, but Christian Science was a special case and was created by a special need which the leaders of the evangelical sects have never sufficiently understood. Generally speaking Protestantism had consciously labored to avoid further secessions. Occasions for dissent still existed in abundance, but the possible dissenters were chiefly clergymen whose historical and biological knowledge had compelled them to question the literal truth of certain articles in the creed, and these scholars were too sophisticated to repeat the barren procedure whereby former Protestants had demonstrated the sincerity of their convictions. They are reformers but they are not schismatics. They propose to take their church with them and are, consequently, most reluctant to part company with it. While ultimately they expect and hope to alter the wording of the Episcopal or Presbyterian creed, they are for the present only trying to secure the freedom to doubt and discuss its affirmations and, if necessary, to take refuge in symbolic or broad interpretations. But during the period of agitation, when they are educating the members of the churches to accept revision, they wish to avoid any question as to their title to be called Presbyterians or Episcopalians. They are boring from within.

Their desire to avoid futile secession is understandable and intelligent, but in acting upon it they incur a penalty the importance of which liberal Protestants do not sufficiently admit. The conscious avoidance of secession as the expression of dissenting beliefs implicitly repudiates the traditional basis of denominational Christianity. The Protestant sects have combined a belief in creeds as the test of ecclesiastical fellowship with the abandonment of compulsion as a means of keeping their members loyal to the communion. But they have until recently kept creeds alive and near to the hearts of believers by permitting and even encouraging dissent and secession. What in the light of this historical fact are the implications and what are likely to be the consequences of the

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proposed checking of the practice by the modernists? Are the Protestant denominations capable of becoming coalitions rather than communities of believers? Is it a movement away from Protestantism and towards a revived Catholicism? If so, what will be the bond of union in the hypothetically universal church and how may it come to prevail? If not, what will happen to the Protestant denominations, deprived as they will be of the common understanding, the affirmation of which has constituted hitherto their chief reason for existence?

It is questions of this kind combined with the attempt of the modernists to bore from within which explain the fierceness of the controversy and the zeal and the "intolerance" of the fundamentalists. They are afraid that, if they do not assume the offensive and drive the sceptics and latitudinarians out of their particular church, they will allow fundamentalism to fall by default. The modernist alteration of the creeds would attach meanings to Presbyterianism or Anglicanism which are repugnant to them. If new interpretations or phrasings should prevail, they would consider it necessary themselves to secede. But why should they withdraw from a church whose creed, as it now reads and as it has generally been interpreted in the past, is satisfactory to them? Why not force the innovators out and keep their church for true believers like themselves? They would not in that case be denying the right of the modernist to think anything he pleases. They would merely insist that, unless he accepted certain assertions about the meaning of their faith which the brethern consider fundamental, he should withdraw from a fellowship whose common assumptions he no longer accepts.

This claim of the fundamentalists is entitled to a respectful hearing. The really important bone of contention between them and the modernists concerns the necessity and function of community of conviction in the fellowship of a Protestant denomination. The modernists evade a sharp statement of the issue by accusing their opponents of intolerance, and intolerant the conservatives undoubtedly are, but they are intolerant in the hope of preserving the traditional bond of union in denominational Christianity—that of common understanding. The same bond of union may be unnecessary in the future, but if it is discarded its rejection will assuredly alter profoundly the psychology of Protestant Christianity. For this reason the modernists can hardly justify their novel combination of radicalism of belief with conformity in action without undertaking a task which they have hitherto disregarded. They should meet fundamentalism on its chosen ground and explain the kind of common understanding which the churches may substitute for allegiance to authoritatively interpreted dogma as the chief source of cohesion in a Christian community. They have never satisfied the perfectly fair demand of the conservatives for some indication of what modernism means in addition to unhampered discussion and the spirit of free inquiry. If it does mean common understanding, is that understanding restricted to common standards of Christian ethics or does it include a common vision of Christian truth in its relation to the universe and human life?

The scope of the influence which modernism exerts on Protestant Christianity will depend upon its answer to the last question. Modernism must seek, if it is capable of rising to its opportunity, the gradual destruction of the forbidding barriers which have divided for so long the naturalistic explanation of the world from the Christian faith. For the moment the modernists limit themselves to questioning certain affirmations of the creeds which the advance of historical and biological knowledge has rendered obsolete, but in divorcing Christianity from these errors they are only driving in the outposts of Protestant dogmatic conservatism. Unless they are content like previous Protestants to remain mere dissenters, they must supply to Protestant Christianity the positive impulse and the increasing understanding which will make for reunion and reconstruction. The fundamental trouble with the Protestant denominations is that some centuries ago they abandoned the effective organized moral leadership of the Christian peoples to the state. It is the business of the modernists to equip and educate the Christian church to resume leadership, and this they cannot do unless they place religious faith behind the attempt to employ science in behalf of the fulfillment of man's whole life as industry and the state have used it for the satisfaction of partial and special human desires.

We would like to see the modernists become fundamentalists in the interest of a Christian revival. The world of today is bound to drift away from a religion whose professors either reject or at best merely tolerate the contemporary science, which is no less divided from the plastic artist than it is from the scientist and which cannot either reach a common understanding of what fundamentally Christianity means nor pull together without such an understanding. A regenerate Christianity can only spring from an alliance between naturalism, and aesthetic imagination and the Christian faith. We welcome the apparent decision of the fundamentalists to precipitate the issue between themselves and the reformers in the hope that the challenge may stimulate the modernists to move towards their only adequate ultimate objective. Modernism is latently far more radical than the modernists. If the latter are forced to find a substitute for their allegiance to Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism, they may be roused to build a new foundation in common understanding for an essentially non-denominational Christian community. They may give form to the synthesis between science, art and religion, between research, imagination and faith which the modern world of today so grievously needs.

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Extending the Teacher's Tenure

WE need more teachers and better ones. On this one point all the warring factions in the educational field are agreed. And the supply, in the country as a whole, is not responding to the need. In rich states like New York most teaching positions can be filled. But they can be filled only through the robbery of poorer states. This is made beautifully clear by an article in the December number of American Education, contributed by Dean John W. Withers of New York University.

There are in New York state 60,000 teachers. Their average tenure is seven years; consequently 8,000 new teachers must be enlisted annually to keep the ranks full. The number of school children is increasing rapidly. Every year 1,500 teachers are needed to take care of the increase. To provide the 9,500 new teachers needed, 10,000 high school graduates must enroll in the normal schools. The high schools graduate about 24,000 a year, of whom 9,600 have trained themselves for commercial pursuits. Of the remaining 14,400 more than 4,400 go on to college, leaving less than the requisite ten thousand for the normal schools. Every one knows, however, that nothing like one hundred percent of this remainder will enroll in the normal schools. Dean Withers does not supply an estimate on this point. We should doubt that the percentage would run above fifty or sixty.

The state faces a shortage of teachers. It is dependent even now on teachers imported from outside, and with the advance of teaching standards elsewhere this resource becomes more and more precarious. Where then, shall we turn for a remedy? Plainly, we cannot count on persuading more young women and men to go into teaching by the mere publication of our need for them.

Moreover, even if it were practicable to increase the number of recruits to the teaching profession, there would remain unsolved serious problems of economy and efficiency. It takes seven years to make a teacher, counting both the four-year high school course and the three years of normal training. Seven years of preparation for a profession to be exercised for only seven years represents a heavy cost both to the state and to the individual. Nor can the best educational results be expected so long as the average professional life is so short. In ordinary business, although most operations follow a simple routine, it takes a considerable time, sometimes months, before a new employee is worth his wages. In view of the complexity and subtlety of the work of the teacher, it must take much longer to attain to full efficiency. In industry the efficiency of an employee begins to run down as soon as he begins to plan on a change in employment. The same must be true of the teacher. As Dr. Withers recognizes, the way of reform is through measures that will extend the tenure.

Why do teachers abandon their profession in such disastrously large numbers? Partly because the profession is relatively underpaid; partly because politics and bureaucracy take the savor out of the work. But the chief reason is that most of them are young women and persist in marrying. It is no longer true that marriage automatically throws a woman teacher out of her profession. But the indirect effects of the old anti-feminist rule hang on. The teacher who continues in her employment after marriage is in many cases the subject of adverse public opinion, openly expressed. Having a man to support her, why does she not step out and give an unmarried woman a chance? Or has she perhaps taken for husband a poor thing who can't support her? A similar public opinion is playing upon the husband. If it is defied, it grows stronger with time. Suppose the married teacher does not have children: plainly she is avoiding motherhood in order to continue with her profession. She is sacrificing her true mission, her highest duty to the state, etc. Or if she has children and still manifests a desire to return finally to the teaching profession, she is held to be a most egoistic and discontented person.

We do not believe that any woman should sacrifice motherhood to her profesion, nor the joys and responsibilities of devoting herself exclusively to the care of her own children, so long as they need her. It is the husk of superstition that envelops the sound kernel of maternity and child rearing that does the mischief. Of the teachers who marry, a considerable percentage, probably not less than fifteen, will never have children, however much they may desire them. Of the rest a majority will have only one, two, or three children, who will rapidly grow up and be taken over by the schools for the chief part of their care and training. If the household can afford it, some ten or fifteen years of a mother's time can most profitably be given up mainly to the care of her children. But ten or fifteen years out of the period from twenty-five to sixty-five—and nobody has any business to seek the chimney corner before sixty-five —leave twenty-five or thirty years to be disposed of. What sense is there, really, in making a relatively brief period of domestic preoccupation serve as a permanent bar to the exercise of the teacher's profession?

It will be said that after ten or fifteen years of rusting a woman is no longer competent to resume the work of teaching. This conception of motherhood as a state of rusting is hardly worth discussion. Any mother who has really taken a professional attitude toward her former work of teach-

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ing will find it entirely practicable to keep track of the larger movements in education. She would be pretty sure to do so if she expected to return to the profession. She is certainly losing nothing of her interest in children and her understanding of them—after all, the most important part of the teacher's equipment. No doubt she forgets many of the old tricks of the trade and fails to acquire the new tricks as they emerge. But there is no insuperable obstacle to the devising of short courses in trade rehabilitation, when the public and the individual recognize the need.

We are aware that many school administrators would be violently opposed to the restoration of women to the teaching profession after a long interval devoted to domestic life. Such women would be difficult to discipline. They would feel too independent. They would not take the business of filling out report cards as seriously as they should. They would question too often the wisdom of instructions handed down from above. We recognize these difficulties, and agree that the reform we are urging might make the schools run less smoothly. But smoothly running schools are not exactly the highest desideratum. A large infusion of teachers of intellectual maturity would offer a factor of resistance to the bureaucratic tendencies that always threaten to turn a public service into a soulless machine. Such a factor is needed in every public service, but most of all in the schools.

Dr. Withers suggests, as the best means of lengthening the average tenure of school teachers, the substitution of men teachers for women. That would be the easiest way, if finances permitted. The end can, however, be attained as surely, and with much greater gain to society at large, through the simple abandonment of the obsolescent view that a woman should, on marrying, make herself dependent for her living upon her husband's earning power. Motherhood, we grant, has claims superior to those of any profession, however worthy. But for a woman to abandon a dignified and useful profession merely in formal acknowledgement of the husband's ancient claim upon all his wife's time is a shirking of paramount social obligations that the modern world cannot tolerate indefinitely.

Prospects for Business

THOSE with an eye for economic events may during the next few months witness the dénouement of as pretty a drama of the will of man against the fates as has been presented on the American stage for many a day. The play is not without its tragic meaning, whether we observe it or not, since the doom will be visited on all of us in the shape either of reduced earnings, lessened employment and hard times, or continued prosperity.

For years the ups and downs of business came and went apparently as far beyond our control as the shifting seasons. Many regarded them with resigned fatalism, others explained them by a mythology full of demons and angels. Recently, however, the volume of statistical data and economic research following upon the war have led numbers of influential persons close to economic mysteries, and a hope has developed that the phenomena of inflation and deflation may be controlled.

It was observed that the experience of 1920-21 bore certain marked characteristics. A rapid expansion of bank loans and currency in circulation accompanied an equally rapid rise of prices. Both outran the effective demand for physical goods. The rising prices led to overbuying in the primary markets and by wholesalers, for speculative reasons. It was thought good business to buy heavily on a rising market in order to increase one's future profits. This caused many duplications of orders, buyers securing themselves, as they thought, by ordering more than they needed or ever expected to use, on the theory that the goods first finished would be accepted, and the rest would never arrive. Prices rose still more as a result. In the meantime, stocks of commodities on hand piled up faster than consumers took them away, accounts were much extended, and credit became tied up in both. In the end came the inevitable smash. Orders were cancelled, goods were returned, loans were restricted and bank rates rose, factories, mills and mines went out of production, and the long and disastrous train of unemployment and falling prices landed us in the depths of depression.

Then the convalescence began. At first slowly, then more rapidly, the exhaustion of stocks on hand and the investment of money at the low price levels led to increasing production and employment. All through 1922 the activity grew at an accelerating pace. By the spring of 1923 production was, on the average, even above the 1920 levels; employment and wages had recovered. Then wholesale prices, which had been slowly rising, began to shoot up rapidly. Informed circles were agreed that we were at the danger mark of another period of inflation.

Here came the first opportunity in history for a conscious experiment with the business cycle. Bankers and business men had been flooded with rough information about the phenomena of the last unhappy experience. The Federal Reserve Banks raised the rediscount rate slightly. It was rumored that inflation of credit and a further rise of prices would be discouraged by another increase in the bank rate. The measure failed of adoption. Big business was against it on account of a natural reluctance to pay more for money. But the leaders of business did promise to be good. The dis-

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cussion served as a warning that the old process of speculative over-buying and inflated credit would be disastrous to all.

Whether or not this widespread admonition was the effective cause, an immediate check to expansion was experienced. Wholesale prices fell a little and production declined, buyers supplying only their immediate needs. Stocks of goods on hand remained at a comparatively low level. And shares declined on the stock market.

Immediately those whose analysis was external or mechanical predicted that a depression was at hand merely because a peak had been passed. "Dope sheets" sent to investors and speculators advised them to sell. Even a few of the more informed economists predicted a whittling away of prosperity. But the centre of gloom was among the mercurial temperaments at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. There resulted a general lack of confidence in the future of business which began to appear threatening.

The chief representatives of American wealth seem to be Republicans. At any rate, they are afraid of discontent in a presidential year. It would never do to have a depression in 1924. So there has recently appeared what looks like a concerted attempt to cause another upswing of the cycle.

All the large banks have issued optimistic statements pointing out the difference between the present situation and that of 1920. Inflation of credit and prices has not occurred. The gold reserve, as a basis of credit, is ample. Production, though it has fallen off somewhat, is still high as compared with previous years. Employment remains correspondingly full, and the retail markets are well sustained by the purchasing power of wage earners, whose real wages are materially above the 1920 level. High wages, however, have not interfered with profits, which for the first six months of 1923 are in many industries higher than in the boom period of the first six months of 1920, and average but little lower. Distribution is heavy, as may be seen from the record figures of railroad traffic, yet stocks of goods are not accumulating on the shelves or in warehouses. Though the iron and steel industry is not operating so near capacity as in the spring, and unfilled orders have fallen off, we could not expect such operation to continue because the capacity of the furnaces was increased at least by half during the war. It is prophesied that orders for building materials and railroad equipment—the backbone of steel production—will continue in good volume. This is a factor which the financial powers can measurably affect. Wheat farmers are suffering, but all farmers are somewhat better off than last year, when the business revival occurred. The European situation was also poor a year ago; it has been heavily discounted, and exports to Europe do not in any event account for ten percent of our production.

With these forces so lined up, Judge Gary fired the signal rocket by an unexpected extra dividend on United States Steel Common. Mr. Jesse Livermore, a stock exchange operator whose prophecies Wall Street regards with almost superstitious reverence, issued an optimistic statement. Other boosts came from Secretary Mellon, who followed through with his proposal for reduced taxation, from Secretary Hoover, and from Governor Crissinger of the Federal Reserve Board. The Big Berthas were in action, and stock prices began to climb.

There is no doubt that the powers of wealth in the United States are out for prosperity. If, in spite of their caution in the early summer, and their present expansive mood, prosperity is not maintained for a few months at least, it will be proof positive that the most powerful economic forces in the country have not yet learned enough about the business cycle to control it even in small measure.

The chief danger, to our mind, is that the present offensive may be overdone. The danger of inflation is just as real as it was last spring. An undue expansion of loans and rise of prices would for a few months replace the present fairly comfortable situation with an illusion of frantic prosperity, to be followed by a collapse—after the election. It may be that the financial powers are quite willing to risk such a collapse, if they can only create confidence until the ballots are cast. Most of them managed to come through the last depression with properties consolidated, and losses so much smaller than the losses of other classes that they had the effect of gains by comparison.

The first definite note of inflationary danger was a Washington despatch to the Wall Street Journal on November 16, stating that a general decrease in the rediscount rate for loans is expected to be authorized following the holidays. If this occurs, and if loans increase rapidly as a result, the wise will look askance on the "prosperity" which follows, and will lay aside stores for a hard winter in 1924.

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Is France Going Bankrupt?

WHEN the great war broke upon Europe in 1914, France was financially sick. She owed more money than Germany, Greece, Rumania, Serbia, Sweden, Norway, Great Britain and the United States combined. Her per capita debt—$166.00—was the largest in Europe, excepting only Luxembourg's.

During the hundred years ending in 1914 Great Britain pulled in her belt by taxing her people, and France expanded her belt by "bonding" her people. From 1871 to 1914 the French public debt increased from 13,000,000,000 to 31,000,000,000 francs and, "of an increase in revenue of 1,286,000,000 francs, seventy-one percent was absorbed by increased charges on the debt." The record of France is the record of a country afraid to face the real test of financial and economic sovereignty. The policy was never explained to her people. No government either took the trouble or had the necessary confidence to explain to the French people what putting off the day of payment meant, or to what it would lead. Even in July, 1914, when the war broke, the government was selling an issue of 900,000,000 francs in bonds to her people to pay the deficits in her running expenses. For what? To cover the constantly increasing interest charges, extra expenses in Morocco (imperialism comes high these days), to keep up the "navy league" program, and to carry out the three-year military service law. Which of these items could be laid to permanent improvements?—unless, without a smile, we include under that head military roads, bridges, battleships and the building of military barracks!

There are two tests of national sovereignty, economically speaking, which are primary, fundamental and basic to the health and progress of any nation. They must be appreciated and understood by every student who is anxious to know the real troubles today among the world powers. They constitute the yardstick with which a nation's economic position may be accurately judged. And yet they are very simple.

The first is to determine whether a nation is spending more than it is raising in taxes. In other words, is the nation paying its way within its own boundaries, and is the income so raised actually coming from the savings of the people and not from inflation? If a nation is paying its way only partly by taxation, and the deficit is being made up by selling its credit, or its bonds, that nation so far as this test is concerned, is a second-class power, economically speaking. If a nation is not able to pay the entire expenses of a government by taxes and by selling its credit or its bonds, it has a third method, which in desperation can be resorted to. This method is to inflate its currency. Every one of the twenty-six nations in Europe in 1914, was classified either as a first- or second-class power. No nation had then fallen to such low estate that the third method—debasing the money—had to be resorted to.

The second general test is whether a nation is buying more goods, including "invisible imports," outside, than it is selling outside including "invisible exports." This test deals with the business relationship of a nation in the family of nations, and is even more basic than the first. The modern industrial order makes it so. All the great European nations in 1914, with the exception of Russia, were living, and were creating new wealth, by means of international trade. Up to July, 1914, the financial machinery of modern industry worked because the world functioned as an economic unit —as a single organism. The nearly half a billion people of Europe were able to live, and improve their standard of living because Europe had become the workshop of the world. It was enormously important, then, for a nation to be able to purchase the raw materials she needed in building up her trade. America sent cotton and copper to England, while Germany and France became the chief makers of textiles and electrical goods. Europe, meeting the second test of economic sovereignty, had become "unified, inter-dependent, organic, and sensitive." This resulted in a rise in the standard of living of the average man, in spite of an increase in population from 125,000,000 in 1800 to 475,000,000 in 1914. This second test of economic sovereignty was being met by every nation in Europe, after one hundred and fifty years of hard work and struggle, in 1914.

Let us examine this test a little closer. If we put into one pan of the scales the exports of the country, visible and invisible, and in the other, the imports of the country, visible and invisible, they ought to balance. If there is an excess of imports a nation may cut down the imports or add to the exports. If this is impossible, it may add to the export pan a sufficient amount of gold. When gold leaves the country prices fall, to the encouragement of exports and the discouragement of imports. Thus the balance is brought back to normal. But today, the nations of Europe have little or no gold to send outside their country. Then what? If certain imports are necessary and imperative, and exports cannot be increased, the nation can put into the export pan, to help balance the needed imports, the weight of her credit. If a nation can make an external loan, the proceeds act to bring back the balance, just as an equal amount of exports would. But if a nation has "lost" its credit,

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or for some reason has exhausted it, and still *must* have certain imports to live—the result is tragedy. There are now twenty-one nations in Europe that must have imports to live. How many have an excess of exports over imports? Not one. Since they do not have sufficient gold to balance, they must use whatever credit they have to keep going. How many have credit outside their nation today? Only one: England.

What does the condition of these twenty nations mean? It means production must slow down. It means less and less to live on. It means the dying of industry, the slowing of the machinery of international trade. It means less national and individual income. It means starvation, disease and death. If continued indefinitely, it means the ultimate disintegration of our modern industrial life; and with it, modern civilization.

Turn now to France, and see how she meets the tests of national economic sovereignty before the war, during the war, and since.

Before the war, as I have said, the French politicians preferred borrowing to taxation. As a result, she was not meeting the first test of sovereignty, even then. During the struggle she made no effort to correct her weakness. In its four and one-half years she spent for purely war purposes, $21,677,000,000 and raised in war taxes to pay this huge expense, the pitiful sum of $21,000,000. For every ten dollars she "blew" for the war, she raised one cent in war taxes. Let us put it another way. France, during the war, raised each year in war taxes an average per capita of just twelve cents as against $28.75 in the United States, and $35.94 in Great Britain. We can only conclude that she expected to be victorious in a short war. But she guessed wrong.

France raised by taxes for all purposes, including war expenses, fifteen cents out of every dollar she spent. She raised the balance, first by increasing her public debt from $6,652,000,000 on July 31, 1914, to $28,702,000,000 on January 1, 1919, an increase of more than 430 percent; and second, by increasing her banknote circulation—her volume of money—from $1,150,000,000 in 1914 to $8,400,000,000 on July 31, 1919, an increase of 730 percent. The war closed late in 1918. France won. Everybody expected inflation to stop. Germany would pay all costs "to the last farthing." But since the close of the war France has increased her public debt, based on par exchange, from $28,602,000,000, on January 1, 1919, to $53,000,000,000 July 1, 1920, and now to approximately $60,000,000,000. How fantastic such figures are, may be appreciated when you remember that the total wealth of France in 1913 was estimated by some authorities at $58,000,000,000, and by the most optimistic at not more than $80,000,000,000. It is plain that France cannot possbly pay off this huge debt with the franc raised to par. Since January 1, 1919, she has increased her banknote circulation from $8,400,000,000 at par exchange to approximately $9,000,000,000. In 1914, an American dollar would purchase five francs; in January, 1920, ten francs, and now (December, 1923) nineteen francs. The debt charges in 1923, on the public debt, are twelve times the charges of 1913, and more than three times the total expenses of the French government for the same year.

France is spending for 1923 about 45,000,000,000 francs, and raising only 22,000,000,000 francs in revenue—yet she has a larger army than any country has ever had in modern times. The difference of 23,000,000,000 francs must be met. This will be done by issuing more and still more government bonds and short-time notes, and selling them to her people. But she cannot do this forever. The demand for her bonds, even though they are tax exempt, is already growing less. The interest rates on her bonds are getting higher and higher. Even at six percent they are finding a more and more limited market. Then what?

The government of France will "sell" them to the bank of France, which in turn will give new banknotes—clean and fresh from the printing press—in exchange. These bonds of France will then be put into the assets of the Bank of France. Already ninety-five percent of the assets of the Bank of France are obligations of the Republic of France.

To add to her problem in the future, France is now selling tax exempt government bonds. Through the issuance of these tax exempt bonds, what is really happening is this: The surplus profits of the large, industrial groups are more and more getting under cover, and evading future taxes on their wealth, while the taxpayers—the middle class and laborers—who live by their work and not by their investments, face heavier and heavier tax burdens. Taxes are being shifted more and more from the rich to the poor, though to be just they should of course be based on the ability to pay. Only thus can a nation grow strong. When we realize that France must have ten times as much in taxes this year as in 1913, and that her present policy tends more and more to relieve those of large wealth, by selling to them tax exempt bonds, we understand why this policy if continued, can only lead to bankruptcy and repudiation by the government itself, or revolution by the masses.

When the French peasant refuses to buy any more bonds from the government, France has only one course open: the one Russia and Germany and Poland and Hungary and Austria have taken. Today, she is fast moving into that position.

So much for the first test of economic sovereignty. How about the second? Is France paying her way internationally? Is she selling outside as much as she is buying outside? Before the war, France bought each year from other nations goods worth

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approximately $200,000,000 more than those she sold. She paid this unfavorable trade balance by her invisible exports. Her investment credits outside of France, her merchant marine credits, her tourist trade credits, and her remittances from abroad totalled about two and one-half times the amount needed to square her unfavorable balance of trade. The problem was easy and simple. France met our second test, before the war, without having to resort to her gold reserve, or asking for loans outside. In this respect she was a first-class nation. Now let's see what the war did to this situation.

France has lost perhaps eighty-five percent of her foreign credits since the war. A large part of her investments were in Russia and southeastern Europe. Her other invisible exports yielded little or nothing from 1914 to 1919. To add to her difficulties, France has bought during the past ten years, goods worth approximately $12,000,000,000 more outside of her country than the goods she sold outside. With all allowance for invisible exports, this huge excess of imports has left France heavily indebted, not only to foreign governments but to foreign private financial institutions. This foreign debt presents a more serious problem than the domestic debt, because it has to be paid either in gold or in goods valued in gold. Actually to pay off her foreign debt, public and private, would impose on France the necessity of selling for fifty years an average of $750,000,000 more in goods than she buys. Only by enormously increasing her production, and vastly curtailing her consumption, could she do this. How difficult it is, can be understood when we know that in no year during the last twenty-five has France ever sold outside as much as she has bought. That is the real reason she has not been able to pay even the interest on her foreign debts to either the United States or Great Britain.

But there is another snag in the way. The reconstruction of northern France must be completed, and according to French estimates, which are disputed by American engineers, it will take about 100,000,000,000 paper francs to do it. This expenditure will aggravate her baffling finance problem. Her overheads are mounting higher. Her public debt interest, pensions, and reparation expenses, now absorb seventy-six cents of every dollar raised in France for the government. And the government revenue is less than fifty percent of what she spends. France knows that her financial salvation lies in more production, and less consumption. But it is one thing to have great productive capacity, and quite another to get orders enough to run 100 percent capacity. This France is now finding out. The annual present capacity of France in pig iron is estimated at 9,670,000 tons and in steel at 8,600,000 tons. In 1922 the total output reached fifty-eight percent of the pig iron capacity, and fifty-two percent of the steel capacity. Why was production small? Because of reduced purchasing power in Europe, the slowing down of production, more trade restrictions, such as tariffs, and in France lack of enough coal and coke to supply the ovens and furnaces. Here we come to the real heart of the French situation.

In 1913 France consumed 75,000,000 tons of coal, producing 45,000,000, and importing 30,000,000. Today she is importing about the same amount as formerly, but prices have doubled, and higher prices for coal mean higher and higher manufacturing costs for France.

Before the war France needed 7,000,000 tons of coke annually. She produced only 3,500,000 tons and imported about as much again, mostly from Germany. In 1922 she produced 1,000,000 tons, and imported about five times that amount. Prices likewise have doubled during the past year on this article. She now has iron and steel but they are valuable only as she can provide cheap coal and coke. She has already found her great iron and steel industries seriously hampered by lack of both of these and by the increasing overheads in the business. To understand the French position, we must at once realize that the great manufacturing plants, and great industrial cities, are built up, other things being equal, at a point where production is the most economical. When we understand that it requires from three to three and one-half tons of coal to smelt a ton of ore, the enormous saving in transportation in sending the French iron to the Ruhr coal fields is very evident. That is why the great industries have grown up, not in Lorraine, where the iron is mined, but in the Ruhr, where the coal fields are. To be forced to bring in coal to the iron fields for smelting purposes, as France has tried to do since the war, placed her product on the world market at a tremendously unfair handicap.

This crisis has been coming to a head ever since the close of the war. France knows that her one salvation from bankruptcy and debt repudiation lies in surplus production which can be sold on the world market in competition with others who are producing cheaper. She must have coke and coal and the price must be low. Where can she get them so that she may become economically independent? The answer is easy now to guess. Both are found in enormous quantities in the Ruhr. Germany produced 190,000,000 tons of coal in 1922, and 114,000,000 of it came from the Ruhr.

In January, 1923, France entered the Ruhr, not to make Germany pay reparations, but first and foremost, to get cheap coal and coke, to assist her in lowering her production costs so that her competition on the world market would be more effective, and she would be well supplied in the new death struggle which is surely and swiftly approaching.

In a word, France now almost able to feed herself from her own production, and driven almost

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to madness by her financial difficulties, has definitely cast her weight into the scale pan of civilization on the side of business nationalism and financial economic imperialism. She has come to the conclusion that her future welfare lies more and more along that line, backed up by such military strength as is necessary to get results. It is only a short step from this position to that of the military and economic dictator of Europe.

The invasion of the Ruhr by France was conceived, not as an act to get more reparations, but to kill Germany forever as an industrial power. It is the most momentous event which has occurred in our generation. It is infinitely more far-reaching in its effect on Europe and the world, than the invasion of Belgium by Germany in 1914. And the appalling thing about the whole tragedy is the ignorance of the common people of France as to the purposes of the present government, controlled by Poincaré and the industrialists. Within France, there does not seem to be much chance for a change. Therefore the moral forces of mankind throughout the world should be organized against the present government of France as it pushes all Europe headlong into another war.

JOHN F. SINCLAIR.

In Woodlawn

WE came out of a byway of Van Cortlandt Park into Jerome Avenue, and drove quietly on in the sunlight, with woods on each side. Woodlawn Cemetery lay beyond, with its long winding roads, and old trees. "Turn in there awhile, Neville."

"Into the cemetery, is it?" asked Neville uneasily.

All those thousands of graves do not startle or frighten most visitors—the quiet green mounds make one thoughtful, as reminders of fate. But Neville, with his Irish eyes, seemed to think them unsafe, in spite of the thick turf and monuments, settled on top. The air to him was full of vague hints, and the ground far from solid . . .

There are contrasts in Woodlawn. The older graves, even of the well-to-do, have small, modest headstones. But in the next generation each family has an angel or shaft, to stand in the centre of the individual graves like a guardian. And the moderns, when they die and get buried, are still more elaborate; mausoleums are going up everywhere, eclipsing the angels. Some are great marble structures on the general plan of that old wooden band-stand that stands at the northerly end of the Mall in the Park; they have such colonnades and towers upon them that the man's grave is lost.

As we drove along we saw a tall pillar with a milk-can on top of it—a milk-can in marble. It couldn't be! But we looked at the name, and it was that of a dealer in milk; only he was more than a dealer, he was a king of the milk trade. Well, Egyptian monarchs used to carve their victories on obelisks too. Indian chiefs were buried with their weapons and trophies around them. It is an old human custom. This milk-can made Woodlawn more human.

Another monument I saw bore a signature, in immense marble writing. The name was familiar. Then it came to me that years ago that signature had been advertised everywhere. It was that of a man who invented a contrivance for women, a glove without buttons, that laced up instead with a cord. His signature was his sole trademark, in the days of that glove; and now that he is dead it still waves over his grave, like a banner.

Does this seem flamboyant? But flamboyancy and death are old friends. Today when a rich chieftain dies, he is more reserved in his advertising; he uses more dignified ways; but he still must impress us. When he leaves his great home on Fifth Avenue and moves up to Woodlawn, and erects a Greek temple to lie in, he wants us to know it. So the door of his home in the cemetery is carved with his name—and not small, like a gentleman's card, but as big as a shop's.

It's odd, when you think of it, that the rich dead consent to be crowded. If one has no feeling for such things, he leaves word to cremate his remains, and scatter his ashes, or just leave them in the furnace—why not? But why, if a rich man does care about it, doesn't he care enough more, to arrange for a statelier and much more commodious burial? Why not buy several acres of Woodlawn, wall it off like a park, and lie in more solitary grandeur, if it's grandeur one likes? But no, here they're all huddled together, mausoleums and band-stands, and modest little headstones, in the shade of the tall spreading trees.

We came to a monument at last that I seemed to remember—a seated figure, brooding above a collection of graves. "Stop, Neville, and read me those inscriptions—I think that's the family." Neville climbs down, and steps stiffly, gingerly, over the mounds, as though begging the family's pardon for walking on them. It's no wish of his. He stoops down to spell out a name, mispronouncing the syllables, and stopping to wipe his forehead. "Why, that's Uncle Hal, Neville." Neville backs off a little and looks down on Uncle Hal with respect.

Uncle Hal was a city man through and through, if ever there was one; a financier; conservative, deliberate, with a large, wooden face. Yet he

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had a streak in him—he belongs out here under these trees. He had a way of plodding about, whistling under his breath; and when bothered, or tired, or for any reason in need of companionship, he would privately go off to his bed-room and play on his flute.

Nobody liked Uncle Hal's flute, but no matter; it gave him refreshment. He would come down after a while, stout and dignified, with his immobile look, and interject some humorous comment so gravely that you half-thought he meant it. Then you'd see his blue eye was twinkling, like a stolid old faun's.

His wife and her mother did most of the talking, at table. They were incisive, quick-spoken, rapid-minded, with pronounced views on everything. There they lie next to him now. All the talking is over.

Grandpa and Grandma Day are there too, at the head of their brood. And down the road a way is the other plot, where the Stockwells are buried. They had stormier lives. Young, beautiful Aunt Julia; Uncle Alden, after all his long battles . . . Woodlawn is full of folk resting at last, from the world.

It is getting dark, and Neville is restive; he is looking about him, as though he kept suddenly feeling and facing chill currents. He smiles uncomfortably at me, when he sees I am eyeing him; he clears his throat and says it would be a poor place to be locked up in at night.

We drive toward the entrance. It is closed. But a watchman has seen us. He stumps slowly out of his stone lodge, and unlocks those gates, through which he has let many more in than he has let out. We slip through in silence; and—this time—go back to the city.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Pocketed Americans

I.

KNAPSACK on back, Dowd and I, two sociology professors, have been roaming southern Appalachia to espy pure America in its native haunts. In the mountains between Pennsylvania and Georgia are pocketed three million old-line Americans who illustrate the social effects of isolation as vividly as Albania or the Caucasus. For this is the manner of settlement. The mountains come down to a point like the letter V. Adown this crease brawls a petty river; leading into this from a smaller valley will be a creek; into the creek a "branch," and into the "branch" a "fork." Each settlement is a "shoestring" along one of these water courses and constitutes a world within itself, for it is insulated from its neighbors by one or two thousand feet of steep, wooded ridge. The only wagon trails lie in the bed of a stream, which you may have to ford twenty times in a mile. Made road there is none; all that has been done since Daniel Boone came is the clearing away of logs and boulders. So these farmers live cut off from thought, literature, science and art. The great world, the rest of mankind, are no more real to them than they are to a man dropped into a mediaeval oubliette.

Thus is it amid the confused tangle of the Cumberlands of West Virginia, eastern Kentucky and eastern Tennessee. In the Blue Ridge, however, of Virginia, western North Carolina and northeastern Georgia, the mountains are in masses and ranges with considerable valleys between and the isolation is not quite so hopeless.

Negroes form no part of the Highland folk. The mountaineers never utilized the slave for they knew not the plantation. Nobody disdains work and, half a mile above sea level, one does not mind working in the sun. The few in the community who might be glad to hire the cheap Negro are overborne by the many who will not have him as a neighbor. In some counties no Negro is allowed to settle and signs warn the passing blackman not to "let the sun go down" upon him in that vicinity.

No European immigrants in a hundred years have settled in Appalachia, so all the blood here has come out of the British Isles. Here is the haunt of the Anglo-Celt as modified by life in the New World. Tall, sinewy, blue or gray eyes, lean face, straight nose, firm jaw, steady gaze, deliberate of speech and reserved in manner, the typical Highlander gladdens the eye of the anthropologist. He is a type very much worth conserving.

My comrade, a wizard on race, noticed in this folk a strange color shift. Infants in arms are towheads; the children hanging about the front stoop are flaxen or golden of hair; the locks of youth are light chestnut, while the poll of the adult is dark-brown or black. Moreover, the babes with dark-blue eyes grow into adults with dark-brown eyes. This change in hair color which each individual undergoes seems to characterize a certain blend of the Nordic races and is nowhere so noticeable as in southern Appalachia. Here is the reason why we have come to think of our Southerners—as Nordic as any of us—as raven-haired.

While in the closet-valleys the Highlanders have lost much of the heritage of civilized men and reverted to the half-barbaric, let none take this as proof of inferiority. Under like isolation your stock or mine would have done the same. The human stuff in Appalachia is excellent, better, I should say, than four-fifths of the foreign born

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admitted in the last thirty years. A pleasing regularity of features prevails, for there has been none of that mixing of human types which has produced in some parts of our country much skewness and asymmetry of face. You come upon venerable illiterates with the physiognomy of a Greek philosopher and the bearing of a Roman senator. Mr. Cecil Sharp, an Englishman collecting the old English ballads surviving among these mountaineers—but no longer in England—on looking over the 150 boarding pupils of the famous Settlement School at Hindman, Kentucky, declared he would take them for children of the English upper classes. No doubt in these bogs of ignorance are rusting talents which might enrich the whole American people.

But there has been degeneration in spots owing to local conditions. Intermarriage has gone on until whole communities bear but two or three surnames. In a school of fifty-four pupils, fifty are Bairds. Cousins mate with cousins and the offspring of such unions within the same clan intermarry until you get pedigrees so entangled that the heredity sharps at Woods Hole cannot chart them. Thus any taints or defects in the stock are accentuated. There are lines, I am told, in which weak vision is hereditary. These unfortunates are barely able to distinguish light from darkness, yet they intermarry and beget large families! Experts regard a third of the population in some valleys as hopeless and not worth expending effort upon.

Along some creeks in Knott county, Kentucky, trachoma once infected eighty percent of the population and, had it not been for the trachoma hospital and clinics maintained by the United States Public Health Service, hundreds would have become totally blind. Hookworm afflicts fourteen out of fifteen children taken into the independent schools. Although proper treatment clears it away in thirty-six hours, the child regularly becomes reinfected when it again lives a spell at home. The only remedy is to clean up the homes and premises and this happens when the daughter, thoroughly trained in school, returns home and insists on freer use of soap-and-water, tablecloths, towels, pillow-slips, sheets, screens, and outhouses.

Primitive in their housing and mode of life, in their clan loyalty, feuds, and disregard of law, the Highlanders are no less so in their prolificacy. North Carolina is the most fecund state in the Union. The prolificacy of its wives is two-fifths in excess of the average for the registration area of the United States. Yet the birth rate of the mountain counties is around 36 per 1,000, a half higher than for the rest of the state. To match this you must go to the Balkans or to French Canada. Spain, Italy, Bavaria and Japan are quite outclassed by Swain and Haywood and Ashe counties in North Carolina, or Knott and Leslie counties of Kentucky, whose women as breeders are abreast of the Russian peasant women. I asked scores, "How many were in your father's family?" Seven was the lowest figure mentioned. Eight was the most frequent, but the number ran to fifteen. Every porch shows three or four towheads less than six years of age. I asked a mountaineer with a brow of an academician,

"How many children in your father's family?"

"Fifteen."

"And how many have *they* had?"

"Oh, more than a hundred!"

A child a year is a common schedule. No doubt children are still coming as fast here as they did a century ago. Everywhere else in the country you find some families which practice limitation, but such are unknown among the mountaineers.

Since the infant mortality is not large, people multiply like rabbits and population pressure is beginning to be noticeable. Said a well-off farmer of seventy, "The farm I inherited was 225 acres, of which forty-five were in cultivation. Now it is occupied by ten families and 150 acres are in cultivation." Year by year the axe clears the steeper slopes and the plow tears them open, so that the mountain streams, which within the memory of man ran crystal clear, are turbid, while, between floods, their flow is but a third of what it once was. Up a two-mile "branch" you may find twenty to thirty farms, becoming more Liliputian as you mount to the head of the "branch" where the valley has narrowed to a ravine. We learned not to stop for food or shelter at the huts high up but to descend to where the valley is forty to sixty rods wide and the houses are more comfortable.

No one we talked with sees that a population that quadruples every thirty years is headed for trouble or doubts that families of eight to fifteen can go on forever. To be sure, they notice that the farms are more cramped, the fields steeper, the cabins tinier, the streams fouler and the larders leaner than in their parents' day; but they never connect these facts with their amazing rate of increase. You would suppose that, looking upon the mountains which shut them in, they would realize that couples can't go on forever raising eight children on an average, that the eventual filling up of the country would be as obvious to them as that a tank into which water runs faster than it leaks out will some day be full. Fortunately for the people of the region the area of land susceptible of profitable cultivation has not yet been cleared save in a few localities, and the natural love of adventure has had a tendency to relieve population pressure by emigration.

The status of women in Appalachia is a fixed point from which one can measure the advancement in the rest of the country. Married in her early teens—the unmated girl of eighteen is looked upon as an "old maid"—and quickly burdened with a large brood, the mountain wife withers

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early. At twenty the mother of four will look like a woman of thirty. The "fotched-on" social workers have a bitter saying, "There are no old women here for the women die early, and no young women for they are prematurely aged." In her middle age the wife is likely to look fifteen or twenty years older than her husband, so cruelly has life misused her. The custom of the woman doing everything about the house is a relic of pioneer days when the men were abroad hunting most of the time. The woman not only looks after the children but totes all the water from the spring, chops wood, milks the cows and tends garden. Although the game failed a century ago the men cannot imagine themselves turning hand to such things. They are "women's work."

A man will apologize for there being no vegetables on the table. "Maw was poorly this spring and she didn't git no garden put in." The cows are so unused to the approach of a trousered creature that if rheumatism cripples "maw's" hand, the cow must be driven two miles night and morning that a niece may milk her. I was given the name of a woman whose husband sold the mineral rights on a farm for $75,000. He told her they were now wealthy and inquired what she would most like to have him get her. After reflection she "'lowed" that, as the old axe was badly nicked, she'd have him get her a new axe to chop wood with!

Browbeaten from childhood, the women unaided never find their way to a sense of grievance. To prop male domination the preachers have worked the Bible for all it is worth. Armed with the rib story, Eve's sin in Eden, and St. Paul's "Let the women learn in silence with all subjection" and "Wives, submit yourselves," the men crush the woman with the conviction of her inferiority in God's eyes. One never hears of a wife rebelling at her lot. The mountain girls are so tainted with these ideas that the seminal schools deem it hardly worth while to train them for leadership. They lack self-confidence; besides, who would follow a woman's lead?

With one exception the wives regarded a woman as "out of her place" when voting. They "couldn't feel right about it," thought politics "should be left to the men." So the women cannot readjust their ideas of what is due them. Even young people of eighteen are spoiled with the false notions. It is the youths of fourteen to sixteen who respond to modern ideas as to the proper relation of the sexes.

Family discipline is lax. The girl is made to obey, but the boy, as member of a nobler sex, is too exalted to be corrected by a woman, even if she is his mother. Long before he is half-grown, father and older brothers will have fixed him in the belief that it is a shame to suffer a woman to "lay hands" on him. So it is the boys that are unruly and spoiled.

Nothing is more misleading than the time-honored phrase "southern chivalry." Women were indeed idealized in the planter-aristocracy and in the adjacent social classes. But among the males of the Highlanders, as well as of the "poor whites" of the lowlands, there is scarcely a trace of chivalry. Would you see men in cowhide boots showing delicate consideration for women, look not to the South but to the Far West.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

[*This is the first of two articles by Professor Ross. The second will appear in an early issue.*]

Mother, Home and Heaven

THREE o'clock in the afternoon, a blazing midsummer day, a little town in the Middle West. The edges of the leaves on the motionless elms are curled with the heat; the bird life is silenced, even the prairie seems to pant. The sidewalks burn too strongly, wherever the sun strikes them, for the bare feet of the children, who take to the middle of the road, where the hot white dust is soft as silk between their toes.

Today, however, very few children are abroad. The whole human life of the town has been sucked out of it and down to one spot near the river, the Widow Grierson's vacant lot just this side of the cottonwoods. As you approach, the place seems decorated with a circus tent, but not a very big one: perhaps a dog and pony show? Draw nearer and perceive that your guess was wrong. Here is a tent, it is true, with canvas flaps thrust out on one side to form an entryway, and a ticket-selling booth painted blue. But the tent is clean brown, instead of dirty white; the secondary pavilions of the menagerie, the dining-room and dressing-room are absent; and absent, too, is the familiar musty smell of hay and animals and leather. There is no side-show with entrancing banners. Neither is there that circus prerequisite, the brass band, lilting and crashing through light waltzes of twenty years ago for the performing horses, or last year's popular favorite for the singing clown. Music is sometimes heard, it is true, from the interior of this supernaturally clean and tidy brown tent; but it is likely to be Liszt's Liebestraum or Grieg's An den Frühling, arranged for violin and piano, or for a string quartet.

To solve this little mystery, will cost you, at the maximum, fifty cents. For that amount you

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get a large and greasy blue cardboard ticket; surrender it to the doorman, and in you go. The blaze of summer sunshine comes through the canvas pleasantly golden-tinted; within, the heat is less like a furnace and more like a Turkish bath. The big tent is filled with row on row of folding wooden chairs. They face in one direction toward a miniature stage at the other end, all complete with a sylvan backdrop, electric footlights, two chairs, a table, a pitcher of ice-water and a glass. The chairs on the platform are the only ones unoccupied; in the others, if you care for the statistic, are 1,735 persons, gasping in the heat, but not permitting their physical discomfort to distract their patient close attention from the Speaker of the Day.

And what a marvelous Speaker of the Day he is! He is orotund and florid; he is fifty (one who is too young, it has been discovered, is Not Quite Safe); he wears a neatly pressed Palm Beach suit, a lavender wash tie, he flourishes from time to time a large yellow-and-white silk handkerchief, which he applies with excellent but temporary results to his forehead.

"And so, my friends," he says in a sort of gentle roar, the roar of the trained orator, mouthing his words as though he enjoyed their flavor, "and so, my friends, what is the lesson of this incident? What can each *one* of us—*I* as well as *you*—learn from that poor fever-smitten soldier boy, lying there on that *hard* pallet, in that army hospital, far away in those *won*derful tropical Philippine Islands? Does his tender solicitude for his pet canary teach us *only* to be loving and kind to our dumb friends? Ah, *more* than that, my friends! It should teach us, *young* and old, the *little* child as well as the white-haired grandsire. . . ."

But you do not need to listen any further to know what his incident has taught him, and what he intends the rest of us to learn from it. You know already, just as you know what sort of juice he will extract from his sunrise one Sunday morn at the Grand Canyon, his brave Salvation Army lassie who met a gang of hoodlums in the slums of a great city, his famous gambler who lay at the point of death, and his silver-haired mother of five lovely girls, who, only last week, waited after the lecture to ask him a question (he has been telling the story for two years and always it has been "only last week").

You know all about him, of course. You smile in superiority and pity as he waves his arms and drives home with vehemence the startling theory that virtue leads to happiness and that two times six is twelve. But we of the 1,735 do not smile, except at the moments we are supposed to, when he tells one of his seven funny stories. For us he is revelation, inspiration; he is furnishing the mental pabulum which is to last us through a long year on the farm. He is, in fact, one of the most important aspects of that most important institution in our lives (you have already guessed it) Chautauqua Week.

To hear him, we have risen before the sun this morning; have hurried through such of the day's work as could not be postponed; have dressed ourselves and our children in Sunday clothes; and have driven in, some of us, thirty or forty miles in the family Ford, over those beautiful new roads for which we are paying such heavy taxes this year. We have lunched on fried chicken and thermos bottle coffee, sitting in the car in the shade of Widow Grierson's cottonwoods; we are hearing a two-hour program this afternoon, we shall sit through an hour and a half more tonight, the concert of the Melody Makers Famous Five Piece Orchestra; after which we shall drive home, a long procession of cars rolling through the night between the cornfields like huge and wingless June bugs. Our arms will be full of sleeping children, our heads preoccupied with what the speaker had to say about looking for happiness right in your own front door-yard—how true that is!—and with the charming way in which Miss Betty Forsythe sang Pale Hands, laying aside her 'cello temporarily, and being accompanied by the other four Melody Makers.

No American institution is more typical than the traveling Chautauqua which has had such a mushroom growth among our small towns in the past few years. Nothing better illustrates the mental poverty of Main Street than the eagerness with which our millions grasp at even so much opportunity for broadening horizons as its average program affords. From its scope and direction you may learn of the national hunger for self-improvement, information, advancement; and by the rigid censorship on things said from its platform is strikingly illustrated the limitations the typical American imposes on himself and others.

Glance a moment at the sheer bulk of the thing. Last year more than 10,000,000 people bought in excess of 35,000,000 admissions to individual Chautauqua performances. More or less the same 10,000,000 purchased another 35,000,000 tickets to winter Lyceum performances of the same general character. The operation of a Chautauqua in the field is another of those miracles of organized efficiency of which Americans adore to boast. A complete program takes four, five or six days, and is given simultaneously in that number of towns. A separate tent, of course, is required for each town, and there are two additional ones, the first of which is in the process of being erected in the town where Chautauqua starts tomorrow, while the other is being dismantled where it ended yesterday. The last tent in line is moved to the head of the procession, and stays in the community until the whole program has been played there. The performers go from tent to tent, appearing

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every day but Sunday all summer long. If you start out as an item on the third-day bill of fare, a third-day item you will be in one hundred and thirty or forty towns.

On three things Chautauqua depends for its popularity. First of these is the "inspirational" lecture, known in the profession as "the Mother, Home and Heaven stuff." Music and drama are the others.

The Mother, Home and Heaven lecture is a coupled-up series of platitudes about the desirability of truth and virtue, given in an earnest, simple style, and with a touch of sentiment whenever possible. Dr. Russell Conwell's famous oration, Acres of Diamonds, is the ideal toward which all inspirational lecturers strive. But you cannot, of course, make five or six bites out of mother, home and Heaven. Other talks are therefore included, serious discussions of current events, illustrated travelogues, addresses by authorities on community welfare and popular discussions of science.

We who live on Main Street are just as inveterate lion-hunters as anyone else; and Chautauqua caters to this depraved taste by supplying from time to time distinguished citizens whom the thousands gather not to hear but to look at. The managers tell you proudly that eight Presidents of the United States have appeared upon their platform. So, they immediately add, have Herbert Hoover, Jane Addams, Eugene Debs, Senator La Follette, Judge Landis, Admiral Peary and Ida Tarbell. But these are exceptions. The general intellectual level is much closer to Mr. Bryan, Chautauqua's greatest attraction, the one man who is good for forty acres of parked Fords, any time and anywhere.

The members of the talent perform in no half light of uncertainty as to their worth. In charge of each tent is a manager, a gentleman of varied abilities, in close contact with the communities he serves. To the main office in New York or Chicago he sends each day a report on each performer. If the funny man was not so funny in Oskaloosa, a black mark is set against him. If they went home on the mother, home and Heaven lecturer in Oshkosh, that fact is recorded. Should the current events speaker by a miracle display too much liberalism for the temper of Ypsilanti, the office hears about it.

Excessive liberalism is an extremely unlikely contingency. Conservative as are Chautauqua's audiences, its managers are more so. Generally speaking, only the most tried and trusted lecturers are permitted to utter a single impromptu sentence from the platform. Everyone else writes down and memorizes his remarks before he starts out in the spring. Some circuits check him up from time to time without his knowledge to see whether he is departing from the original version. But on the whole, this restriction rests rather lightly on the talent. The sort of man with a burning desire to make Chautauqua addresses rarely has a circle of ideas so far out of the ordinary that it gives him much trouble. Vigorous attempts, it should be added, are often made to utilize the platform for various sorts of political and economic propaganda. If the managers cared to "sell out" to people with an axe to grind, they could probably realize a handsome temporary profit. But no! They realize the danger in such a procedure, and are adamant against it.

Two facts about the audiences are mentioned by experienced lecturers as being most impressive: their eagerness to learn, and their rigorous adherence to a Victorian variety of Puritanism. The testimony is unanimous that Chautauqua-goers have an impelling curiosity as to what is going on in the world. They ask questions; and not infrequently, a speaker is queried about something he said last year, over which the village has been wrangling all winter. Equally impressive is the evidence as to their rigid moral code. In many towns which are too small even for a "bowl and pitcher" hotel, the talent is quartered in the homes of the leading citizens. As a general rule a discreet entertainer anxious to avoid harming the institution he represents, will be very careful about admitting that he smokes, dances or plays cards; and especially that he has ever consumed alcoholic liquor. Thorough discretion also requires no favorable words about the theory of evolution, whose chief opponent is Chautauqua's brightest star.

If you are imagining that the musical part of the program consists of the Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffmann, Ethelbert Nevins, and xylophone renditions of the Sextette from Lucia, you are gravely in error. Not only does Main Street yearn to uplift itself, but Chautauqua managers are doubly determined that this shall be done. They have improved the music year by year until today there is only a minimum of what they describe as "ting-a-ling" stuff. This refers to popular sentimental compositions, and not to jazz, which has not reached Chautauqua and probably never will.

The most popular feature of the whole Chautauqua program is the play. Those who deplore the combined influence of the movies and high railroad rates in destroying traveling theatrical companies, should not overlook these productions which give ten million of our fellow citizens their only contact with spoken drama from one year's end to the other. The plays selected are of the aggressively "clean" type, as sterilized and sterile as a glass-tube toothbrush. Turn to the Right is the ideal example. Sometimes a Shakespearean comedy or even a Gilbert and Sullivan light opera may be substituted.

Perhaps by this time you are thinking poorly of Chautauqua, as a mediocre enterprise which gives to dull, starved minds the meretricious sustenance

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they crave? If so, let us part company at once. The only theory which justifies such an attitude is that no bread is better than half a loaf, and though you put me on the rack I shall with my last gasp dissent from any such view.

I think it is clear that Chautauqua is about as good as our millions on Main Street will permit it to be and still provide the dollars to keep its brown tents in circulation. And after all, it is pretty much a case of this or nothing. In general, the stalwart ten million which gets its culture under canvas, from the peripatetic university, is below the level at which serious books are read. It is below the level of magazines, except the most popular. The pabulum provided from Chautauqua and Lyceum platforms may not be much; but it is all there is—at least, until radio becomes a serious educational force, if it ever does. (At present Main Street finds it mainly a device to hear jazz music played on phonographs a few hundred miles away.)

If you believe in evolution, and especially if you endorse the quaint version of it which somehow identifies change with progress, you should rejoice at every forward step, even so slight a one as this. After all, the farmer's wife who looks up Chopin in the encyclopaedia as a preliminary to hearing Opus 40, number 1, rendered by the talented American pianist, Miss Ethel St. Clair, is the caterpillar from whom eventually may be expected the butterfly reading the program notes at the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall. Scorn us if you will as we rattle home in the late evening with our Ford full of sleepy children: but nowhere else under the quiet stars at that moment will you find a more characteristic expression of the American Idea.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

New Mexican Magic

A brightly hardened ocean,
A rough arrested sea,
On its imagined motion
Had so conjured me
That I alone was not yet dead,
Only I of all mankind,
And I owned the world they had left behind . . .
Till, slowly, up the wave ahead,
With his toes outswung from a burro,
Arose a far more thorough
Possessor of magic than I,
A wonderful hat to tell him by
And a wizard's blanket, striped with red,
Who, singing a song and suspending his will,
Shook like heat to the top of the hill
And vanished there, through the open light,
Out of the desert, out of sight,
Into the solid sky.

WITTER BYNNER.

The Bandwagon

BULLETIN FROM WASHINGTON

There will gradually unfold the answer to the question whether Coolidge is to be merely the President of the United States, or whether he is to be also the leader of his party. . . . In this respect Coolidge either will be like Harding, or most unlike him.

—Mark Sullivan.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

I had rather have my boy unable to read and write, and honest, than an inmate of a penitentiary and a scholar.

—William Jennings Bryan.

THE NEW DAY IN AFRICA

The screen makes history. Let me illustrate this by a significant episode of the late war which has been reported to us. France, in sore need of men, found it necessary to mobilize thirteen wild tribes in North Africa, nominally under French sovereignty. But these tribes were antagonistic to each other, constantly engaged in hostilities against one another, and, though loyal enough to France, not to be trusted side by side in a battle area with arms in their hands.

France rose to the occasion and employed the cinematograph as a poultice to heal the wounds of tribal jealousies. These thirteen tribes, pugnacious by habit, forgot their quarrels as neighbors and gave united and enthusiastic support to France throughout the four years of war. They returned to their desert—those who survived—as one united tribe, all animosities gone forever.

—Will H. Hays.

THE PEACE-TIME USES OF AN ARMY

Baby Peggy, the five-year-old screen star, attracted a large crowd to Battery Park yesterday when she reviewed the troops of the 16th United States Infantry at guard mount.

—New York World.

MARY, IF MR. FALSTAFF CALLS TODAY, I'M NOT AT HOME

Personally, it is difficult for me to understand why characters that would not be admitted into a home or a family circle in person on any consideration, should be allowed to come there between the covers of a book.

—Gene Stratton Porter.

LIFE AND LIMB IN BALTIMORE

It makes no difference how a person is killed on an elevator or in an elevator shaft, it has been the signal for these selfish interests to start a movement to enlist the public sympathy in support of their so-called safety legislation . . . but when they found that the expense of carrying out some of the provisions of the local code would be much greater than the people would stand for they immediately conceded that the half of a hog would be better than no hog at all, and agreed to take the half; or in other words, they have admitted that the junking of some of the oldest and most obsolete elevators in Baltimore would cost more than it would be worth to save the few lives and limbs which might be sacrificed by permitting the further use of these elevators. . . .

—Realtor's Bulletin, Baltimore.

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Five Poems by Carl Sandburg

Waters Meeting

The late winter waters
and the early spring waters
seem to be waiting
alone and together.

The Mississippi River splits Iowa and Illinois
into land on one side, land on the other,
promises right and left, pick-ups of sunlight,
alone and together.

And since the Mississippi is never wrong
and since the land, the sunlight, the promises
take hold of the hearts of men with old lazy secrets,
loafers always shambling under the sky over big rivers
among the sun sleepers and the mud mumblers of big rivers,
—late winter and early spring spill a kiss again
down a valley of people—alone and together.

October Paint

Flame blue wisps in the west,
Wrap yourselves in these leaves
And speak to winter about us.
Tell winter the whole story.

Red leaves up the oaken slabs,
You came, little and green spats
Four months ago; your climbers
Put scroll after scroll around
The oaken slabs. "Red, come red,"
Some one with an October paint
Pot said. And here you are,
Fifty red arrowheads of leaf paint
Or fifty mystic fox footprints
Or fifty pointed thumbprints.
Hold on, the winds are to come
Blowing, blowing, the gray slabs
Will lose you, the winds will
Flick you away in a whiff
One by one, two by two. . . . Yet
I have heard a rumor whispered;
Tattlers tell it to each other
Like a secret everybody knows. . . .
Next year you will come again.
Up the oaken slabs you will put
Your pointed fox footprints
Green in the early summer
And you will be red arrowheads
In the falltime. . . . Tattlers
Slip this into each others' ears
Like a secret everybody knows.
. . . If I see some one with an
October paint pot I shall be
Full of respect and say,
"I saw your thumbprints everywhere;
How do you do it?"

Carriers

The rain pools in the old lumber yard
change as the sky changes.
No sooner do sunset maroon shoes
cross the west than they cross
the rain pools too.
So now every blue has a brother
and every singing silver a sister.
The skitter of lightfoot carriers to and from
the old lumber yard rain pools,
the flirr of their fine wings to and from
in the slack of the last silver maroon—
comes and goes in a hope and a handling
of a rainbow rim of seven mists.

Understandings in Blue

The bird sat on a red handle
Counting five star flowers,
Five clover leaves.

The bird was a pigeon
Wearing a quiet understanding
Of how to wear blue.

There is pigeon blue
Picked out of baskets of big sky
When the springtime is blue.

This was the blue fadeout fire
Resting on the pigeon wings
In a quiet understanding.

The red handle, the star flowers,
The green clover leaves,
Wove into the weaves of blue.

The big sky stood back of it all
With a basket of springtime blue
And an understanding all alone.

She Opens the Barn Door Every Morning

Open the barn door, farm woman,
It is time for the cows to be milked.
Their udders are full from the sleep night.
Open the door with your right hand shuttling a cleat,
Your left hand pulling a handle.
The smell of the barn is let out to the pastures.
Dawn lets itself in at the open door.
A cow left out in the barnyard all the night
Looks on as though you do this every morning.
Open the barn door, farm woman, you do it
As you have done it five hundred times.
As a sleep woman heavy with the earth,
Clean as a milk pail washed in the sun,
You open the barn door a half mile away
And a cow almost turns its head and looks on.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Recognition of Graham Wallas

SIR: It is proposed to mark the retirement of Mr. Graham Wallas from the professorship of political science in the University of London by a recognition in some degree commensurate to his distinguished services. Mr. Wallas has not only given to the School of Economics twenty-five years of devoted teaching; he has not only given services of high value as an administrator to the London education authorities both on the School Board, the County Council, and upon the University of London (latterly, as chairman of its Academic Council); he has taught also at Oxford and Cambridge, and at several of the principal American universities. His published writings and his personal influence have done much, both in England and abroad, to make possible the development of a science of public administration. It is felt that his students and friends will welcome the opportunity to share in the expression of admiration for the work he has done.

It is proposed that this tribute of esteem shall include the following, subject, of course, to such revision as may be possible or necessary in view of the subscriptions received:

(1) A drawing of Mr. Wallas to be hung in the School of Economics. Professor Rothenstein has agreed to do this.

(2) A book of essays, dedicated to Mr. Wallas, contributed by friends and colleagues in Britain and other countries. The profits, if any, will go to the fund under (3) below.

(3) A scholarship, tenable at the London School of Economics, to be called the Graham Wallas Scholarship, and to be awarded to a student from Britain or elsewhere taking the Honours Course in public administration.

(4) A medal (and, if the fund permits, a prize) to be awarded every three years, and to be called the Graham Wallas Medal, for distinguished work in political science published in any country in the three-year period. The method of awarding the medal will be announced later.

We invite your coöperation in the effort to make this tribute really worthy of Mr. Wallas. All contributions, large or small, will be welcome. It is hoped that the response to this letter will be such as to make it possible to send a copy of the book of essays and a reproduction of Professor Rothenstein's drawing to each subscriber of two guineas and upwards.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Bart., M.P., has agreed to act as treasurer, and all subscriptions should be sent to him at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2, England.

ROSEBERY,
ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND (*Hon. Treasurer*),
WILLIAM H. BEVERIDGE,
A. LAWRENCE LOWELL,
ELIE HALEVY,
London. JOSEPH REDLICH.

Did Sanderson Exist?

SIR: Mr. Read Bain may take courage. Sanderson was no dream. In Sanderson of Oundle (Macmillan) he will find Sanderson documented, photographed, and confirmed up to the hilt. Or he can come over here and look at Oundle.

H. G. WELLS.

SIR: It was in a moment of madness that I wrote my Sanderson or Wells communiqué. I knew I was an ass no later than the green box had swallowed up my braying. However, I consoled myself with the thought, "Well, they'll wastebasket it anyhow." But you didn't! Vain and strange are the editorial mores, and we are flies in their glue-pot, surely. Wells's last article convinced me that Sanderson lived—and died; and so the name of Bain has been submitted to the eyes of all the "intelligentsia" in our fair land as a most colossal sophomoric ass—and it is no solace that those who know him will remark that he is far enough beyond the sophomoric age that he should have known better.

However, though I know there was a Sanderson of Oundle now, or *think* I know it, I still feel there is some merit in my original thesis—that Wells has done for him what the saints have done for Christ. I think Wells has made a slogan, at least; "Sanderson of Oundle"—"Sanderson of Oundle"—how it runs sonorously, smoothly on the tongue!

READ BAIN.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Salamandra Maculosa and Professor Kammerer

SIR: In the New Republic of October 24, 1923 (page 231), Mr. Paul Kammerer replied to a letter of Mr. B. M. Haggin which had appeared in the New Republic of August 22, 1923 (page 361). Mr. Haggin therein passed some strictures upon Mr. Kammerer's defence of epigenesis, and Mr. Kammerer in part replied thereto by saying that during his forthcoming lecture tour through the United States he hopes that "by presenting stereoptican views of specimens of my breeding experiments, I will be in a better position to support my respective findings."

It is to be inferred that some of these promised stereoptican views will be of the spotted salamander (Salamandra maculosa) which Mr. Kammerer glowingly speaks of in his rejoinder to Mr. Haggin's letter. Since a whole evening even of spotted salamanders might prove a trifle tedious, however, I suggest to Mr. Kammerer that he include (if he has not thought of it) some additional stereoptican views of his Midwife Toad (Alytes obstetricans) for which he was formerly making claims strikingly similar to those now offered in behalf of his spotted salamander. Upon the publication of these claims a few years ago Mr. William Bateson made earnest requests to Mr. Kammerer that he be allowed to see an actual specimen of this metamorphosized toad, but was strangely refused that seemingly innocent pleasure. I have no doubt that a handsome portrait of it flashed across the United States would atone, if tardily, for the disappointment the eminent English biologist once suffered.

WINTHROP PARKHURST.

New York City.

SIR: I gladly avail myself of the opportunity offered me to explain through the columns of your esteemed weekly those things that I will try to prove to my American fellow scientists; all the more so as an intermittent fever which assailed me as soon as I reached this country has made it necessary for me to cancel a number of my lectures.

Illustrating my lecture on the Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics, I will not only show a number of stereoptican views of the spotted salamander (Salamandra maculosa) but also additional stereoptican views of the Midwife Toad (Alytes obstetricans) to illustrate all my contentions in connection with the experimentally-achieved color changes of the spotted salamander and the development of the so-called "nuptial pad" of the Midwife Toad. Moreover, I will show stereoptican views of an experiment of mine which is still quite unknown in this country, and which in my judgment constitutes very definite proof regarding the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

I am very glad that I have good stereoptican material in this respect, mostly slides which were made in England in May of this year when I lectured there, exhibiting my specimens which are the property of the Institute of Biological Research of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna, and which, unfortunately, I was not permitted to bring to America.

When I showed my specimens in England, most of the scientists who listened to me admitted the correctness of my contentions with the exception of Professor William Bateson who still insists on his opinion. Anybody who has picked up Nature (London) during the last couple of months will know that a lively controversy is still being carried on in the columns of that paper with Professor E. W. MacBride of the Imperial College of Sciences championing my cause, while Professor Bateson, as far as I know, opposes my contentions single-handed.

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It is my intention not to mention my experiments on the Midwife Toad to my *popular* audiences, as it would be necessary to delve deeply into the propagative methods of frogs and toads which would take up time I prefer to employ lecturing on other interesting phenomena on inheritance. Under the impression, however, that in this country conclusive information is wanted, and depending on the proved fairness of my American colleagues, I shall embody in my *scientific* lectures my experiments on the Midwife Toad.

PAUL KAMMERER.

New York City.

The Klan and Education

SIR: My letter on the Klan and education in Ohio, published November 28, contained the assertion that "at the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association's annual meeting the Klan supporters were able to support two mild resolutions urging that the integrity of the schools be maintained."

The word "support" should read "suppress," the error being mine.

Recently I was warned that a committee of Klansmen had objected to statements I had made in the classroom and had urged my principal to discharge me if I persisted in the crime of exercising free speech. The Akron Klan controversy is one of the most interesting in the United States.

DAVID H. PIERCE.

Akron, Ohio.

The Impeachment of Judges

SIR: I have just finished reading your very excellent editorial, Lèse Majestè Mayer, in the December 12 issue and wish to suggest that there be incorporated in the bill which you would have Congress pass the following provision:

"Any evasion of this act, or any failure to conform with and faithfully follow its provisions, whether done upon the ground of a misconstruction of the terms of the act or otherwise, is hereby declared to be official misconduct in office on the part of any federal judge and shall subject such judge to removal from office upon impeachment, trial and conviction in regular course."

I firmly believe that the day is now at hand when Congress must restrain the federal judiciary from abusing its powers by an active exercise of the power of impeachment conferred upon Congress by the Constitution.

FREDERICK S. CALDWELL.

Monte Vista, Colorado.

In Defence of Robert Hillyer

SIR. I desire to make a protest against the recent review in the New Republic, of The Hills Give Promise, by Mr. Robert Hillyer.

It seems to me incomprehensible and inexcusable that in a periodical of the standard of the New Republic, poetry so noble in thought and exquisite in expression, should be subjected to criticism so undiscriminating and unintelligent.

CHARLES K. BARRY.

Oberlin, Ohio.

SIR: Allow me to express my astonishment that in your otherwise excellent poetry issue you should have found Mr. Britten's misconception of Robert Hillyer's Hills Give Promise worth publication. I had thought that this style of review was obsolete—this polite and blind abuse under pretense of passing judgment.

. . . . Mr. Britten did not discover either what the poem was about, nor how it was done. Even the nobility of the effort he finds matter for pity, not praise. Consequently he has not much to say in his article, and so he limits himself to general statements that "the sole criterion" of verbal music "must be the use to which a given poet puts his borrowings" (!), and that form is not "creation from the void" (?); or else he indulges in smart but shallow talk of paper costumes and flying machines —merely the contemporary way of calling names. It is only this last device, however, that makes his review readable, and it is good-natured enough, I suppose, but so horribly inefficient!

MARY FRANKLIN CHILD.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

SIR: If I make my letter short, will you give space to a protest against the review by Clarence Britten in your issue of December 5 of The Hills Give Promise?

A Triumph, The Intruder, Andante, Threnody, Yesterday, Summer's End—these and many other poems in The Hills Give Promise are full both of wisdom of thought and beauty of expression and of a striking and elusive nobility of phrase. Epitaph—which I notice is included in the Braithwaite Anthology of this year, just at hand—is a little lyric whose sensitiveness and delicacy must appeal to ear and heart of the most hardened critic.

"No thicket detains you with extravagant flora or wanton fauna" complains Mr. Britten. This is true. It is not with thickets that Mr. Hillyer is most concerned. His eyes are lifted to the hills that "give promise." His "autumnal pastures" breathe not a "nostalgic haze" but a wide and beneficent calm. . . .

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

Lynnhaven, Virginia.

SIR: . . . . Had Mr. Britten merely said that he did not care for the poetry of Robert Hillyer, I should have nothing to say, for it is the reviewer's privilege to take his opinion for an airing whenever he wishes, always providing he does not contaminate the atmosphere. But Mr. Britten has taken a review and tried to build up a clever essay, filled with figures of speech so grotesque that they bend double and mock themselves. We did not ask Mr. Britten to perform his repertory of tricks, but to give us his frank opinion of Robert Hillyer. What, indeed, is this opinion? I have extracted references to the corset industry, Goethe, and Lucifer; but I have tried in vain, through many readings of the essay, to discover just why Mr. Britten has conceived a dislike for Hillyer.

. . . . Robert Silliman Hillyer's poetry has in it power, lyric qualities of a high order, beauty, and a technique wherein there is none of that stiffness that robs a poem of life. The very piece that Britten attacks most unmercifully has the greatest power and significance; and this forceful meaning is brought to you through a medium restrained and sonorous, not in the least ill-mannered nor loud-mouthed. His perfection of technique is an unusual thing these days, for most versifiers scorn it now, and the few who strive for it almost always fail miserably. Spontaneity and humanity do not dance hand in hand with such a hard mistress as technique unless the poet be as large as his art, like Hillyer. Mere processions of words, rhymed or unrhymed, do not make poetry. Only feeling may do that; and whether it is good or bad poetry depends largely upon how well the man has his feelings in hand. . . .

WILBUR NEEDHAM.

Hinsdale, Illinois.

SIR: So spiteful, malicious and unjust seemed the review of Robert Silliman Hillyer's book, The Hills Give Promise, which appeared in a recent number of the New Republic, that I cannot refrain from sending a line of protest. . . .

In a full page article, would a sincere critic dispose of the beauty contained in this volume in one sentence, and that sentence of the damning with faint praise variety?

Did New England give him no thrill! Did he read those twelve lines, that compelling lyric without a sense of wonder that, with such grace, history could be concentrated in a single clear-cut picture?

Was he left unmoved by the usual rhythm, color, buoyancy, whimsicality, discernment, elegance of the Fourth Pastoral, The Flower Market, Copenhagen, The Treadmill, Her Own Shall Bless Her, For Master Geoffrey Chaucer, Entymology and others among the lyrics?

BERTHA A. HUNT.

Brockton, Massachusetts.

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General Allen's Diary

My Rhineland Journal, by Henry T. Allen, Major-General, U. S. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00.

WHEN mediaeval society developed the concept of chivalry as a means of mitigating the brutalities of war, it set up an ideal of conduct which, blotted out again and again in the dark crises of history, has nonetheless never been entirely lost from view down to our own day. The chivalrous ideal has, on the whole, met with more respect from professional soldiers than from civilian war-makers; and—a circumstance in which our nation may properly take pride—during the relatively short period of our existence it has flashed its gracious light across many a page of our military annals. How numerous the additions to the magnanimous company led by Washington, Lee, and Grant will be in consequence of our most recent conflict it is yet too early to say with confidence; it is however already clear that no member of our expeditionary forces has a better claim to that high fellowship than General Henry T. Allen. Doubtless his Rhineland Journal is offered to the public because it revolves around and helps clarify the most debated issue in the world today.

But even though it is published primarily for enlightenment, it will be perused in no small degree for the pleasure it affords in promoting acquaintance with an officer in whose presence current doctrinaire contempt for the profession of arms is promptly reduced to silence. Without engaging in conscious self-portraiture the soldier representing our government at Coblenz—representing it, let us always remember, in both a military and a civil capacity—tells us by inference everything about himself that we need know. His strong, open features and tall, rangy figure, suggesting Lincoln by more than the accident of his Kentucky origin, shape themselves against the background of our thought as we follow this day-by-day record of his life from 1919 to 1923. We rejoice in his elastic health and his keen love of out-of-doors with its hunting, fishing, and polo-playing (at over sixty!). When, as sometimes happens, he takes a header, breaks a tooth or twists his neck, he does exactly what we would expect in quickly jumping to his feet and swinging himself again into the saddle. He believes in his profession, as any man aspiring to high achievement must, and he does not relax his efforts in this line until he commands what is by common consent the most flexible and efficient body of troops along the Rhine. He has a soldierly frankness and loyalty, hates bombast and rhetoric, hates even the fuss and feathers which are his unescapable lot in a world of graded ranks and ceremonies; and he has a persistent and unfailing sense of reality.

It is here, in his human outlook on a human earth, that we get the true measure of his personality. A soldier, he fights with all his might while his country is at war, and the moment peace has been rung in he exerts himself for peace with equal eagerness. Having never felt the unthinking hate of our misled common people or the poisonous variety cherished by our thin-blooded and acidulous intelligentsia, he can at once assume a wholesome attitude toward the conquered people at his mercy. They, the victorious Allies, the countless new European problems hatched by the peace, the government and fellow-citizens across the water, immediately assume the proportions proper to their relative significance, and with extraordinary discrimination and independence he accommodates himself to a distressed and disillusioned post-war world. He has his doubts about Mr. Wilson and the Treaty of Versailles because they do not give us peace; he sees the shortcomings of the League of Nations but firmly insists on referring international relations to some supreme body of control or supervision; he holds we should have stayed on the Rhine to play the mediating rôle for which we alone of all the parties to the war are suited. It would be offensive to his habitual and dignified restraint to declare in express words that our numerous defections since 1919 lay us open to the charge of moral cowardice but he probably thinks so in his heart. In short, his judgments on men and measures are of the variety commonly called solid, giving evidence of a mind steadily concerned with making itself at home in the world we have and with seeking small, immediate adjustments of its clashing energies.

Throughout this Journal of four years this admirably practical judgment is exercised on the great problem of Franco-German relations which daily pressed itself on the American representative's attention. The complicated historical phases of the problem are not his concern and he frankly leaves to one side its intricate psychological ramifications. There is little suggestive of either analysis or system in this record of a diarist. He speaks exclusively of actual incidents occurring under his eye as the direct result of the Allied victory and the Treaty of Versailles by virtue of which he finds himself established at the great bridgehead of Coblenz with the French camped all around him and the British and the Belgians farther down the Rhine. By the treaty the Allies are represented on the German river by the army of occupation and the Rhineland Commission, but the Rhineland population enjoys most of the usual civil rights under native administrators and under the solemn guarantee of the sovereignty of the German Reich.

It is these treaty obligations, regarded as absolutely binding by our representative, that are a source of trouble with the French beginning with the first and continuing to the last day of General Allen's command. For though the French have signed the same treaty after having written almost all its clauses, because they have not quite all they wanted, they are resolved to achieve their purpose by overriding the imposed restraints. What they want is clear as day: a separate Rhineland state, nominally free but really ruled by France, and a Germany politically reduced to helpless atoms. Even before the Paris conference was over the militarists, acting through General Mangin, embarked on the policy of force with the plan of confronting the areopagus at the French capital with an accomplished fact.

On being disavowed by Clemenceau on account of the vigorous protest of the American and British delegations, the militarists joined hands with the politicians, who, as members of the fox family, hunt by night and prefer fraud to force. Henceforth every Frenchman, except in unguarded moments of vinous elation, gave lip-worship to "the great principles of the Allies," while paralleling the steady flow of noble profession, the acts of the French authorities, civil as well as military, constituted an unbroken chain of lies, deceit, treachery, and violence. A striking example of this amazing double-dealing selected out of scores of cases for the sole reason that General Allen's Journal first brought it to the reviewer's notice is the official title given to the Franco-Belgian military alliance of 1921. With the smoothness of the confidence man hyp-

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notizing the country yokel the politicians gave it to the world as: L'accord Franco-Belge contre la guerre! But let no one imagine that our diarist uses this outspoken language against the French or that he generalizes at all upon their conduct. He comports himself as a diarist should, recording episodes and individual acts and maintaining from first to last an attitude of essential sympathy and loyalty toward his comrades-in-arms. Being entrusted, in addition to his military task, with a diplomatic mission, he has a further reason for standing carefully aloof that he may not defeat his chosen rôle of moderator. His commodity is facts with a minimum of comment. But the final effect of this patient, cumulative, and consistently objective treatment is more crushing to the French than the most heated condemnation. While remaining perfectly friendly to Foch, Tirard, Degoutte and every other Frenchman he comes in contact with, he manages to leave them without a vestige of moral or political footing. He freely acknowledges that they are successfully destroying Germany, but he is absolutely convinced that they are involving France and the rest of Europe in the ruin.

It would be unfair to the reader not to notice certain limitations of both the man and his book. His daily notations are like so many snatches of disconnected talk and would at times pall, were it not for the constant recurrence of the startling leitmotif of the French theft of the Rhineland and the Ruhr. Inevitably the writer has the defect of his qualities and like most practical, safe-and-sane men does not shine by reason of his aesthetic susceptibilities or his intellectual subtlety. Thus the noble natural scene on which the events related in this Journal take place remains a complete blank and not one of the famous men he meets prompts him to try his hand at portraiture. The nearest approach to an epigram is recorded in these words: "Some one has remarked that the Frenchman (Poincaré) is a chauvinist and the Welshman (Lloyd George) an opportunist;" and the most considerable literary reminiscence is awakened from its slumber by his passing on one of his journeys "very close to the spot where Shakespeare made the ghost of Hamlet walk." But these are trivialities, worth noting only because they help draw the boundaries of the man. The core of him is the active man's fine sense of fact, the honest soldier's love of fair play, and the thoughtful student's deep sense of the world's unity, over all of which floats like a sanctifying halo an ancient sentiment of chivalry.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

The Compromise

The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward, by her daughter, Janet Penrose Trevelyan. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $5.00.

NONE of the great Victorian reputations has sunk lower than that of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her novels, already strangely out of date, hang in the lumber-room of letters like the mantles of our aunts, and produce in us the same desire that they do to smash the window and let in the air, to light the fire and pile the rubbish on top. Some books fade into a gentle picturesqueness with age. But there is a quality, perhaps a lack of quality, about the novels of Mrs. Ward which makes it improbable that, however much they fade, they will ever become picturesque. Their large bunches of jet, their intricate festoons of ribbon, skilfully and firmly fabricated as they are, obstinately resist the endearments of time. But Mrs. Trevelyan's life of her mother makes us consider all this from a different angle. It is an able and serious book, and like all good biographies so permeates us with the sense of the presence of a human being that by the time we have finished it we are more disposed to ask questions than to pass judgments. Let us attempt, in a few words, to hand on the dilemma to our readers.

Of Mrs. Ward's descent there is no need to speak. She had by birth and temperament all those qualities which fitted her, before she was twenty, to be the friend of Mark Pattison, and "the best person," in the opinion of J. R. Green, to be asked to contribute a volume to a history of Spain. There was little, even at the age of twenty, that this ardent girl did not know about the Visigothic Invasion or the reign of Alfonso el Sabio. One of her first pieces of writing, A Morning in the Bodleian, records in priggish but burning words her scholar's enthusiasm: ". . . let not the young man reading for his pass, the London copyist, or the British Museum illuminator," hope to enjoy the delights of literature; that deity will only yield her gifts to "the silent ardor, the thirst, the disinterestedness of the true learner." With such an inscription above the portal, her fate seems already decided. She will marry a Don; she will rear a small family; she will circulate Plain Facts on Infant Feeding in the Oxford slums; she will help to found Somerville College; she will sit up writing learned articles for the Dictionary of Christian Biography; and at last, after a hard life of unremunerative toil, she will finish the book which fired her fancy as a girl and will go down to posterity as the author of a standard work upon the origins of modern Spain. But, as every one knows, the career which seemed so likely, and would have been so honorable, was interrupted by the melodramatic success of Robert Elsmere. History was entirely forsaken for fiction, and the Origins of Modern Spain became transmuted into the Origins of Modern France, a phantom book which the unfortunate Robert Elsmere never succeeded in writing.

It is here that we begin to scribble in the margin of Mrs. Ward's life those endless notes of interrogation. After Robert Elsmere—which we may grant to have been inevitable—we can never cease to ask ourselves, why? Why desert the charming old house in Russell Square for the splendor and expenses of Grosvenor Place? Why wear beautiful dresses, why keep butlers and carriages, why give luncheon parties and week-end parties, why buy a house in the country and pull it down and build it up again, when all this can only be achieved by writing at breathless speed novels which filial piety calls autumnal, but the critic, unfortunately, must call bad? Mrs. Ward might have replied that the compromise, if she agreed to call it so, was entirely justified. Who but a coward would refuse, when checks for £7,000 dropped out of George Smith's pocket before breakfast, to spend the money as the great ladies of the Renaissance would have spent it, upon society and entertainment and philanthropy? Without her novel-writing there would have been no centre for good talk in the pretty room overlooking the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Without her novel-writing thousands of poor children would have ranged the streets unsheltered. It is impossible to remain a schoolgirl in the Bodleian for ever, and, once you breast the complicated currents of modern life at their strongest, there is little time to ask questions, and none to answer them. One thing merges in another;

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one thing leads to another. After an exhausting At Home in Grosvenor Place, she would snatch a meal and drive off to fight the cause of play centres in Bloomsbury. Her success in that undertaking involved her, against her will, in the anti-suffrage campaign. Then, when the war came, this elderly lady of weak health was selected by the highest authorities to peer into shell-holes, and be taken over men-of-war by admirals. Sometimes, says Mrs. Trevelyan, eighty letters were dispatched from Stocks in a single day; five hats were bought in the course of one drive to town—"on spec., darling;" and what with grandchildren and cousins and friends; what with being kind and being unmethodical and being energetic; what with caring more and more passionately for politics, and finding the meetings of liberal churchmen "desperately, perhaps disproportionately" interesting, there was only one half-hour in the whole day left for reading Greek.

It is tempting to imagine what the schoolgirl in the Bodleian would have said to her famous successor. "Literature has no guerdon for bread-students, to quote the expressive German phrase . . . only to the silent ardor, the thirst, the disinterestedness of the true learner, is she prodigal of all good gifts." But Mrs. Humphry Ward, the famous novelist, might have rounded up her critic of twenty. "It is all very well," she might have said, "to accuse me of having wasted my gifts; but the fault lay with you. Yours was the age for seeing visions; and you spent it in dreaming how you stopped the Princess of Wales's runaway horses, and were rewarded by 'a command' to appear at Buckingham Palace. It was you who starved my imagination and condemned it to the fatal compromise." And here the elder lady undoubtedly lays her finger upon the weakness of her own work. For the depressing effects of her books must be attributed to the fact that while her imagination always attempts to soar, it always agrees to perch. That is why we never wish to open them again.

In Mrs. Trevelyan's biography these startling discrepancies between youth and age, between ideal and accomplishment, are successfully welded together, as they are in life, by an infinite series of details. She makes it apparent that Mrs. Ward was beloved, famous, and prosperous in the highest degree. And if to achieve all this implies some compromise, still—but here we reach the dilemma which we intend to pass on to our readers.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Revolutionary New England

Revolutionary New England, 1691-1776, by James Truslow Adams. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $5.00.

NO greater praise could be given to Mr. Adams's second volume of the history of New England than to say that it consistently maintains the high level of its predecessor, The Founding of New England, which was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1921 as the best historical work of the year. The new volume gives the reader the same impression of abundant reserves of knowledge, effective choice and arrangement of material, impartiality of judgment and charm of presentation. Gibbon defined the indispensable qualifications of the historian as diligence and accuracy. But the mere compiler or annalist could claim the title on this meager requirement. Without some gifts of the muses, even the labors of Hercules, though they may furnish the raw materials for history, can never make an historian. Cultural background, constructive imagination, chastened judgment are necessary: grace of style is complementary. All these gifts Mr. Adams has, and they make his book a delight to the student and the general reader alike.

The dates in Mr. Adams's title are indicative of the argument of the volume. The Revolution in New England (as in the colonies generally) was not a political revolt against the mother country developed in the hectic decade between the passage of the Stamp Act and the clash of arms on Lexington green. It was the product of social forces which gathered cumulative strength through the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century. It was the result of a constantly exacerbated divergence between the views of an older, settled, conservative, aristocratic community and those of a new frontier community, self-reliant, radical and impatient of restraint. Therefore, since the American colonies as a whole were a frontier of England in the eighteenth century, and since, within the colonies themselves, the interests of the frontier were coming into ever sharper contrast with the interests of the settled communities of the coast, the Revolution was not only a joint protest of the colonies against British control but was quite as significantly an intracolonial struggle between the radical "patriots" and the conservative "tories." It can be understood, therefore, as Mr. Adams rightly insists, only through an appreciation of the slowly widening gulf between the "states of mind" produced by this divergent social evolution. To put too much emphasis on the attack upon parliamentary institutions and specific enactments which became so conspicuous in the few years immediately preceding the outbreak of armed resistance, is to forget that the institutions themselves are the product of social movements rather than their cause.

It follows, naturally, that Mr. Adams gives little credence to the traditional and, unfortunately, still widely accepted theory of the deliberate and diabolical "tyranny" of the King as the cause of the American Revolution. It is rather too flattering to the dull mediocrity of George III and the pedantry, jauntiness and complacency of Grenville, Townshend and North to invest them with that stock stage property of the eighteenth century. Mr. Adams, with a better historical discrimination, undertakes the more exacting task of analyzing "the manifold and complicated forces of disintegration" that were working during the century towards the rupture of the imperial bonds. He speaks modestly of the tentative and explorative character of his treatment of these forces, especially in the neglected period between the Treaty of Utrecht and the fall of Walpole; but it is hard to see how essential additions could be made to his material or improvement suggested in his handling of it.

The quarrels over impressments, paper money, appeals, the review of laws, the governor's prerogative, religion, land titles, the Indians, the King's woods, the West Indian trade, the admiralty jurisdiction, the Land Bank (whose suppression in Massachusetts was, in John Adams's opinion, a more potent factor in the Revolution than the Stamp Act)—to mention only a partial list of the "divergent interests" of the conservatives and the radicals on both sides of the water—are set forth with such cumulative and convincing force that one can hardly resist the author's conclusion that the virtual separation of the colonies from England was effected before that period was reached which

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is generally treated under the caption "The Causes of the Revolution." "One might as well interpret an eruption of Vesuvius in terms of the action of human beings on its vine-clad slopes," says Mr. Adams in this connection, "as to interpret the civil war between England and her colonies in terms of royal governors and parliamentary acts" (page 109).

Nevertheless, in spite of this strong suggestion of fatalism, Mr. Adams does not in the least ignore or palliate the behavior of the British ministers. "Blundering attempts," "fatal policy," "colossal blunders" are terms which he uses freely to characterize their action. "Rarely has a great nation ever been so cursed with imbecility in high places," he says, "as England was in those crucial years in the history of her empire" (page 353). The colonies, too, he points out, took exasperating and unreasonable positions, insisting on their rights, with little appreciation of their responsibilities. They asked for help against the Indians, and refused to coöperate themselves; they demanded the protection of British convoys for their commerce, and insisted on trading where they pleased; they cut the King's woods where they wished, and cited them as a "royal asset" when they needed help against the French. They "sat, so to speak, permanently on the opposition bench" (page 28), with all the freedom of criticism and immunity from responsibility which the opposition enjoys. Mr. Adams treats Trojan and Tyrian with "no discrimination," and there is little comfort in his book for those who wish to interpret the American Revolution in the spirit of apology for the conduct of either Samuel Adams or Lord North.

The last half dozen chapters of Mr. Adams's book, treating the culmination of the quarrel in the years following the expulsion of the French, are in substantial agreement with the presentation of our recent scientific historians of the causes of the Revolution. The great contribution which this volume makes is the convincing proof that those causes are to be found ultimately in the evolution of the philosophy and conduct of a colonial "frontier" community in the too often neglected decades of the first half of the eighteenth century.

There is an unfortunate metathesis of the adjectives "external" and "internal" on page 315, which makes the sentence mean just the opposite from what the author intended. The Puritans are handled with a mercilessness that would make Mr. Palfrey turn in his grave. The critic might object that, because the author both insists that it was necessary for Great Britain to assert her authority if she was to retain the colonies, and at the same time condemns the British policy as "blundering" at almost every point, he fails in the constructive task of suggesting methods which would have been at once reasonable and effective.

But Mr. Adams might plead in defence that his whole book is a demonstration of the impossibility of such methods. He entitles one of his chapters The Insoluble Problem.

It is common for reviewers to use the word "supersede" in characterizing a new book in a historical field, when nothing more than "succeed" is really meant. But in the case of Mr. Adams's volumes the stronger verb is justified. It is impossible to think of any future scholarly treatment of the history of New England that does not follow essentially the evolutionary lines traced by Mr. Adams.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

A Good Idea Gone Wrong

Janet March, by Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHEN he began Janet March Floyd Dell had a supremely good idea. But he lost it half way through.

Her name is Janet March. She is the progeny of a frozen family in the northland. She grows up to a healthy girlhood, an independent, slim, blackhaired child, with an austere beauty and a reasonably vital mind. She goes through the usual run of adolescent experiences—keeps a diary, kisses a great many boys, watches with puzzled surprise the changing war-world before her, and drifts from her family. She falls in love a couple of times and takes a lover on page 199. Unpleasantness follows.

His name is Roger Leland. The moon-calf over again, with undertones supplied by Dr. Freud. Young Mr. Leland also grows up into an ordinary adolescence. Whereas Janet amuses herself with a coterie of young men, none of whom particularly stands out, a Woman figures in Roger's life. When she leaves him he goes out to search for an inverted diabolism. He doesn't find it.

Their names are Janet March and Roger Leland. After Janet is allowed by Mr. Dell a peek at some physical Wages of Sin she goes to New York, Greenwich Village and Mr. Dell's native territory. Roger is now keeping a bookshop, although his black eyes still smoulder intensely. They smoulder intensely in Janet's direction. Janet and Roger live together for a while. Then a prospective child, marriage, and an end. Convention wins!

The first half of Mr. Dell's book, as I say, embodied a good idea—one of those ideas which is so good that it seems painfully obvious as soon as some one grabs it—for the first time.

He set out to tell a systematic, documented, detailed life-story of an American girl. So far as I am aware, this has never been done. Special types of girls, yes, like Carrie Meeber and Linda Condon and Stephen Crane's Maggie, but not the amazing individual we have come to know since the war. Almost every American novelist, aping books like Jean Christophe and Sinister Street and the Wells quest novels, has tackled such a systematic biography of the corresponding American boy, with the result that this class of fiction, represented as well by Mr. Dell's own Moon-Calf, perhaps, as any other example, is outmoded—as painfully dead as auto-suggestion or King Tut. But no one, until the opening pages of Janet March came into view, ever tried the same thing—for a girl. Valid and authentic material for American fiction, surely. And virgin ground.

Mr. Dell, sad to relate, has botched his idea badly. Not only does he desert Janet in apparent sudden terror when he is half way through to ramble inconsequently about young Mr. Leland, who is dull, but even while Janet remains the centre of interest, with the exception of a few brilliantly realized scenes, he treats her with not a tithe of the imaginative truth and beauty which he gave so liberally to Felix Fay in Moon-Calf. Janet simply doesn't get over.

What is wrong? A difficult question. In the first place, I think, a writer dealing with an overworked younger generation must command two qualities: he must know his field and he must know it with perspective. I think that Mr. Dell fails most signally in the latter respect. Again, he lacks humor almost elementally in this book: the wandering vagaries of Janet are set down with all the solemnity

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of a Greenwich Village quack absorbing Krafft-Ebing. She is presented entirely without the leavening spirit of irony. Once again, almost beyond question, the book is too ponderous. At least fifty characters come in for long and specialized mention. Some 20,000 words, descriptive of the family life of the Marches, are swallowed up before Janet even is born.

One must add something on the other side. As I say, some few scenes are presented with extraordinary vision and fidelity. The flash-back wherein Janet views in retrospect her first passionate interlude is a powerful and moving bit of writing. The opening chapters, dealing with the middle generation of the Marches, have an ironic detachment not later repeated. And, once more, Mr. Dell should get all credit for his initial idea.

Nevertheless his progress as a novelist so far is discouraging. Moon-Calf was a good book. The Briary Bush, I thought, was not so good as Moon-Calf. And Janet March, once again, is not so good as The Briary Bush.

JOHN GUNTHER.

Sunshine and Shadow

Behind the Screen, by Samuel Goldwyn. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

What's Wrong With the Movies? by Tamar Lane. Los Angeles: The Waverly Company. $2.00.

MR. GOLDWYN, a producer, head of the company that bears his name, is optimistic about the moving pictures. To be sure, there is "the ruthless competition" of the trust: the trust being a certain corporation Mr. Goldwyn himself helped create, but of which he lost control. But on the whole the scene is rosy. The author of the second volume disagrees. The pictures are bad enough, today, and on their way from bad to worse.

Mr. Goldwyn does not attempt to write a critique of the movies, either of the way that they are made or the more important mechanism by means of which they're sold. He is content with what the moving picture magazines would bill as local color. In spots the story is biographical Nine years ago Mr. Goldwyn walked into a little movie theatre on Broadway. "As I took my seat a player-piano was digging viciously into a waltz. Upon the floor a squalid statuette lay under its rain of peanut shells."—Bigger and better movies? "There rose before me Henry Esmond crossing swords with the Young Pretender, wiry D'Artagnan riding out from Gascony on his pony to the Paris of Richelieu, Carmen on her way to the bull-fight where Don José waited to stab her." Mr. Goldwyn did a good deal of thinking in the dark. "When I went into that theatre I had no idea of ever going into the film business. When I went out I was glowing with the sudden realization of my way to fortune."

Probably, as he looks back on it, Mr. Goldwyn romanticizes a little about the birth of his idea. But he turned the trick. Nine years pass. The name of Goldwyn is stamped on miles of celluloid. The man who tried a movie for diversion made his millions. You have a feeling, if this book is his explanation of the way he did it, that never has blind chance played a more substantial role than in this greatest of all get-rich-quick ventures.

That is one of the impressions Mr. Goldwyn's book leaves on its reader. Along with it you get another glimpse of the moving picture fan with his eyes raised to Mount Olympus. Hollywood is the hill above the Vale of Tempe. Into the pleasures of these modern gods, their sports, their amours and their quarrels, the movie fan inquires with the high degree of interest which the Greeks had for their legendary heroes. Here are two hundred and fifty pages largely consecrated to bits of gossip of the great: why Mary married Owen Moore before Douglas Fairbanks came along, what Pola Negri thinks of Charlie, what Pauline Frederick thought of Geraldine Farrar. It is heavy sledding, if you don't care much about the answers. But the fact remains, attested to by the giant circulations of a score of moving picture publications, that more Americans will read these items willingly than anything else that can, at present date, be written. Mr. Goldwyn breaks his ankle playing handball; who doubts his statement that "my absence meant a loss to the company of thousands of dollars" in the next three months?

Mr. Goldwyn rates the movies at a high exchange. "The camera shows, as the speaking stage does not, the fundamental quality of the human soul." The author who writes under the name Tamar Lane (presumably a pseudonym) is on the whole more sceptical. He seems, this Tamar Lane, to have had his eye upon the screen since the first custard pie was hurled across a counter; certainly his comments reveal a prodigious range of names and films and plots.

And the conclusion which he reaches is that the movies are an art without the artist. There are no martyrs in the silent drama, no self-sacrificing geniuses, no leaders worth the name. "Nothing but business men . . . money, money, money." Directors don't deserve their reputation. Actors live in a world of fatuous self-adulation. Producers are an unimaginative crew who waste extraordinary sums to steal each other's thunder: let a film called Desert Passion score a hit, and there is a rush to bring out Desert Love, The Desert Lover, Passion in the Desert.

What is wrong at bottom, Tamar Lane believes, is a hocus-pocus-loving public. "The amount of bunkum they can stand, and the number of times they can stand having it repeated without batting an eye, is beyond all estimation." The movies, he declares, are by no means undermining the tastes and morals of the public. The public is undermining the tastes and morals of the movies. Film for film, the pictures are probably as good as the books and plays that score the great successes. Passion in the Desert is no worse than The Sheik or Abie's Irish Rose. But the trouble is, that while the exceptional book and the exceptional play can often find a market, the expense of the average photoplay is so great that the producer does not feel he dares risk anything that lacks sure-fire popularity. The result is that every production is scaled to meet the capacities of the twelve-year-old. And the only answer, Tamar Lane believes, is a "little theatre movement" in the movies: no attempt to reform the films for a happy clientele that wants them as they are, but a chain of smaller picture houses where the more adventuresome photoplay can be presented to patrons who want something better.

Tamar Lane is more of a realist than Mr. Goldwyn. And one test of the accuracy of his comments is the fact that he is less likely than Mr. Goldwyn ever to have the power to decide what pictures ten thousand theatres will show.

CHARLES MERZ.

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Remembered Yesterdays

Remembered Yesterdays, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.

ALMOST by common consent a man who has reached the age of sixty may feel free to set down his Reminiscences. The major part of his career is over, and the tenure of life is uncertain. He may now write with more assurance, or at least confidence; and he may expect to be heard with greater deference, or at least patience. Yet men of sixty, each intent on exhibiting himself in his own day and circle, have become rather oppressively numerous. In the circumstances, acknowledgments are due Mr. Johnson for having postponed his Autobiography until the age of seventy: 1853 and 1923 are the dates involved. However, the term "autobiography" is expressly disdained—and indeed "sheaf of reminiscences" (though the gathering is none too well coördinated) might be a juster designation. Yet the main stages of this life are presented in good chronological order: a boyhood and youth in Indiana—elaborate beyond the needs of the case; a forty years' period of editorial life in New York, with constant relish for multitudinously encountered celebrities; and lastly the ambassadorship to Italy, with its curiously objective view of the San Remo Conference as a constellation of lofty and somewhat remote luminaries. Mr. Johnson also does full justice to his efforts in behalf of International Copyright and toward the shaping of an American Academy of Arts and Letters. Here, as elsewhere, great names shine—like cards dropped on an extended tray. Here, as elsewhere, a somewhat naïf and disarming consciousness of the presence of fine company. The author professes to have tempered his text by a sense of humor; yet this, often slender and none too cogent, sometimes calls for indulgence. The book, as a whole, suggests the large bamboo cabinets once in vogue—bulk with slightness. Yet, taken part by part, rather than as an organic entity, it has its agreeableness and its interest: the statuettes and miniatures perched on its many small shelves are capable of yielding a good measure of entertainment.

H. B. F.

American Artists

American Artists, by Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

NAMES do not matter. Values do. Therefore, although there are many names among the essays assembled in Mr. Cortissoz's book, of figures more or less known in America, it is the author's attitude toward men's work that is significant. For he has been faithful to the doctrine enunciated at the beginning. He says he is a "conservative." He believes that "certain fundamental laws" of art have been recognized in schools and academies. He "disbelieves" in what he names "modernism," on the ground that it "flouts fundamental laws" and repudiates art's function which is "the creation of beauty."

It is a rigid doctrine, rigidly adhered to, in the manner of a fundamentalist of the church. The most vital of contemporary American painters—to mention only John Marin, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, Pascin, Georgia O'Keeffe, Demuth and the sculptor, Gaston Lachaise—are unnamed in these pages. If one wants a roster of the painters accepted in conservative circles and beloved of Fifth Avenue dealers; if one is interested in anecdotes of Stanford White and McKim, of the late Charles Freer and even of Theodore Roosevelt, then this is the book to have. But its direct connection with art and artists is more than dubious.

First of all, Mr. Cortissoz draws a narrowly patriotic line against what he names "Ellis Island Art," as he invokes the absolute of "beauty"—whatever that may be—against "modernists." Unfortunately, the medicine Mr. Cortissoz prescribes for the modernist—"a drastic purgation of conceit and wilfulness, a thorough educational overhauling"—he seems himself not to have swallowed. He forgets or ignores that in the history of painting vital impulses have often had to fight the dead weight of academies with their commercial entrenchments. Manet had to struggle his life-long with the politics of intolerance, and in the struggle suffered just such slights and contumely as Mr. Cortissoz heaps upon Ellis Island Art and modernism. In fact, such a word as modernism has no place in a critic's vocabulary. It is his business to discriminate between the good and bad, whatever the appellatives carelessly used by the ignorant. The word, modernist, like the word radical, has become an absurdity because it is a vehicle for prejudice rather than a characterization.

Mr. Cortissoz is no less unfortunate in some of the applications of his rigid doctrine. Although he is careful not to mention many of the outstanding American workers of today, he does mention dealers and collectors. To read his chapter on New York As An Art Centre, is to gather that art triumphs when Mr. Worldly Wiseman pays a dealer $40,000 for a painting by a dead painter. He strangely assembles in an ill-assorted trio of "poets in paint" the figures of Elihu Vedder, Ryder and Arthur B. Davies. He subscribes to the entirely outmoded contrast of the poetic versus the prosaic, when he writes of George Bellows that "he is dedicated too whole-heartedly to the depiction of what is prosaic in life to care about what is poetic, what is beautiful." And, condoning Roosevelt's, the great 100 percent American art patron's, liking for an admittedly inferior drawing, Mr. Cortissoz reveals the collapse of the respect due from a critic for mastery of a medium: "Technically the drawing has little to say. Of anything like style it is pathetically innocent. But it drives home a wholesome American idea, and Roosevelt, being a wise human being, knew when to dispense with technic." Now what has that to do with American Artists?

ARTHUR H. BOUGHTON.

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